

# THE Missionary Martyr OF Thibaw





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THE MISSIONARY MARTYR  
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CHARLES WILLIAM LAMBERT.



THE  
MISSIONARY MARTYR  
OF  
THIBAW

A BRIEF RECORD OF THE LIFE AND CONSECRATED  
MISSIONARY LABOURS OF CHARLES WILLIAM  
LAMBERT IN UPPER BURMAH.

*WITH PORTRAIT AND TEN ILLUSTRATIONS.*

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## PREFACE.

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THE relatives and friends of our departed brother in Christ, Mr. C. W. LAMBERT, have greatly desired to put together for publication in small book form, Letter and Diary extracts received from him when in China and Upper Burmah, labouring in the Gospel ; not only to show what God's grace can accomplish in one who is wholly surrendered to Him, but also that these lines might be used of our good God to stir up others of His children to a closer walk with Him, and to aid in kindling within them an earnest desire to serve Him in the Gospel of His Son in distant lands. And if these things be accomplished, this Memoir shall not have been issued in vain.

J. W. JORDAN.

*October, 1896.*



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# THE MISSIONARY MARTYR OF THIBAW.

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## INTRODUCTORY MEMOIR.

CHARLES WILLIAM LAMBERT was born on the 6th of April, 1856, and was the only son of the late Multon Lambert, of Blackheath Village, Kent. As regards his youth, there is nothing of interest to record, with the exception that on three different occasions he narrowly escaped death.

When only an infant of seven months old, he received severe injuries to his head while out with a young nursemaid, who brought him home in a state of unconsciousness, and would give no satisfactory account as to the cause of the injuries. For several hours he remained unconscious, and for some time his life was despaired of.

Later on, at the age of nine years, he met with a serious accident ; he was run over by a cart-load of hay, the cart-wheel passing over his chest, which the

doctor said would have inevitably proved fatal had the wheel gone but very slightly lower.

Again, when he was about sixteen years of age he was rescued from drowning whilst skating.

He was educated at Cambridge House School, Blackheath, where, being naturally bright and quick, he made good progress in his studies, gaining several prizes and certificates.

After leaving school his musical education was continued as a violinist, and he became a pupil of Mr. Louis Ries, as his father hoped he would have devoted himself to that profession. He was very successful in his musical studies, being a clever violinist and a good pianist, but he himself preferred an active business life, which he subsequently decided upon.

He was fond of dancing, theatres, and smoking, but from the time of his conversion these worldly pleasures were relinquished, and ceased to have any attraction for him.

He yielded himself unreservedly to the Lord, his only desire being to live for Him, and to be used for His glory. On the second Sunday in June, 1883, he was led to attend the open-air meeting and Gospel service at the Alexandria Hall, Blackheath, although previously he had expressed much opposition to this work on account of the open-air services. Mr. George Hucklesby gave the address, preaching from John iii. 16, and the words spoken in the power of the Spirit went home to his heart, and he was led that night to accept Jesus as his Saviour. A lady at the meeting



gave him a little book entitled "Safety, Certainty and Enjoyment," which the Lord used in blessing to his soul, leading him out into full assurance and liberty. Soon after this he went to Hastings to reside, where he remained for four years. He joined the Y.M.C.A. there, and devoted his spare time to Christian work, taking an active part in open-air services on the beach and elsewhere.

During this time he became very much stirred up about missionary work, and began to manifest a longing desire to serve the Lord in distant lands; eventually he offered himself to the China Inland Mission, and was accepted. He sailed for China on Thursday, the 29th of November, 1888, and the following pages will give, chiefly in his own words as recorded in his Diary and Letters, the history of his journeyings and missionary labours in China and Upper Burmah, till the hour when the Cross was exchanged for the Crown.



## CHAPTER I.

### BOUND FOR CHINA.

**T**HURSDAY, November, 29, 1888.—Under weigh for China about 1.30. Much impressed with the novelty of our surroundings, and a little depressed by the realisation that we had parted from loved ones, perhaps for ever on earth, but much joy in the knowledge it was for Jesus' sake, accompanied by the sure and certain hope of meeting them again in the land where, with glorified vision undimmed by sin, we shall gaze upon the face of our risen Lord.

Friday, November 30.—Rose 7.30. Dark morning, rather tempestuous, rest was a little disturbed by the unaccustomed noises which seem to be perpetual in this busy ship. Three of our party are suffering very badly from the sea voyager's terrible enemy ; the Lord has been pleased to allow me to escape very lightly. Reading and meditating on John xvi., was much comforted by ver. 27 in connection with ver. 23 of 17th chapter. What a wondrous love this is that we are made possessors of in Christ ! how little yet have we measured its length, breadth and depth and

height! eternity alone will reveal this when ver. 24 of chapter 17 will be fulfilled in us. To this glorious event we hope to be used in seeking those other sheep among the Chinese, for whom our Lord has died. Entered the Bay about midnight, having accomplished 272 miles. Had a conversation with one of our passengers, who is a thorough sceptic, queries the existence of a Creator, and his possession of an immortal soul. He relaxed somewhat in his views, but prides himself on his honesty and uprightness as a man. He is far from the kingdom; pray for him, also for one of the stewards with whom we spoke, who is a Roman Catholic; says he believes in Christ, and His Immaculate Mother, the Pope, His vicar on earth, and he was sure to be all right when he trusted to the teaching of his Church. Martin Luther, he said, was the vilest heretic that ever lived, and if any one went to hell, he would. What a rotten foundation this poor young fellow has to trust in. He is so bright and cheerful, too; but he is open to conviction, and the Word is sharp and powerful.

Saturday, December 1.—Glorious morning. Rose at 7 o'clock; went on deck to see the sun rise; a beautiful sight, the blue water all around, and the blue sky above. The rising sun tipping the clouds with a bright golden tinge unequalled in my experience. Had a rough night, but we are fortunate, for the bay is what sailors would call like a millpond, but to us, in our verdant state, it is otherwise. This has been a magnificent day; all are fairly well now. The night is very grand, the heavens bright with our Father's jewels, the water brilliant in its phosphorescent light, the darting fish studding it as it were with diamonds, a sight that will live in my memory for

many a day. How marvellous are the works of the Lord, in wisdom He has made them all. How rich are we sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Praise Him, Praise Him.

Sunday, December 2.—Rose 7.15. My first Sunday on the sea, and not by any means the most unpleasant I have spent ; it is delightfully calm. Not a very eventful day in point of work for the Master. Had a short formal service in the morning in first saloon. They did not wish for a sermon, merely reading prayers and other portions of the Church service. I did not see my way clear to join in this, so stayed in my cabin, and remembered the Lord. Had a very precious time ; pray that the Lord may lead some to see the truth more clearly, by gathering unto His name outside the camp. We had a Gospel service in the evening, but our passengers, almost without an exception, seem to resent everything of a religious character as an intrusion ; they will have the sham, the outside form, but there is no desire to taste the kernel. Ah, if they only knew what they are losing, if they could only get a glimpse of the other side of the veil, how different they would act, but the devil has blinded their eyes and they are willing it should be so ; may God in His mercy awaken them ere it be too late. How devoutly is the goddess of pleasure worshipped.

Monday, December 3.—Rose 6.40. Glorious morning ; sea like a millpond ; sun shining brightly and quite warm, so strange for December ; it is so delightful to breathe the pure fresh sea air. After breakfast we had a Bible-reading on chapter ii. of Hebrews, a very profitable time. We then went in for Chinese for about an hour and a-half. We are in view of the Spanish coast, going along in splendid style. A

number of porpoises are sporting about in front of ship, it is very interesting to watch their movements.

Tuesday, December 4.—Rose 6.15, and hurried on deck to view the grand old rock, Gibraltar, which we have just sighted. I little thought this privilege would ever have been mine. Many a thrilling incident of battle, suffering and shipwreck could this barren, gloomy-looking rock relate, if it could only speak. Nothing to look at, but of incalculable value as a national defence. One is reminded while gazing at it of the Rock of Ages. What a solid foundation are we on ; when all other rocks have passed away, this Rock, our Rock, will still stand firm, solid, sure (the only sure one), while eternal ages roll. Daily Light portion for this morning, “Thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee, thou shalt speak. Be not afraid of their faces, for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord.” What a precious promise for the missionary ! How could we go to China to preach the Gospel if He were not with us, and how useless would we be apart from this assurance. “I am” is the exceeding abundant for everything we need. Oh that we could realise more fully the preciousness and need of immortal and perishing souls. Chinese is progressing slowly but favourably. Nothing has occurred worthy of note to-day. Our next sight of land will be Sardinia. The moon has not favoured us with her presence yet, but the stars are very brilliant. I am looking forward to seeing the Southern Cross.

Wednesday, December 4.—Rose 6.30. Still fine, calm and mild ; no sight of land yet. Daily Light portion for this morning (what a precious valuable

little book this is, such choice morsels of heaven's food for the soul to feed upon) we get these comforting words, "He knoweth the way that I take." How sweet to know that our way is the way that He has sent us, and, therefore, we can assuredly say, certainly He will be with us and in blessing us will make us channels of blessing to those amongst whom we are going to labour for Jesus' sake. May the living water flow unhindered through us all, causing glory's light to shine in the heathen darkness of China. The barren land to bring forth fruit for His glory. "He knoweth the way." Praise Him, give ye glory to His name. Have no news, so will just give an account of our day's work on board. Breakfast 8.30. Bible-reading 9.30 to 10.30. Epistle to the Hebrews, chapter iv. Chinese, 10.30 to 12. We are making progress, the Lord is our Helper. Walk on deck and read. Luncheon 1.30. Reading, studying, dinner 6.30. Studying exercise on deck, retire 10.30. The living is excellent, accommodation good and comfortable.

Friday, December 7.—Rose 6.30. Daily Light portion for this morning, 2 Cor. v. 21. How solemnising to be thus reminded of the price He paid for our redemption, the terrible soul anguish He endured on the Cross, when thus literally made sin for us! How intense must have been the agony that could have extracted that exceeding bitter cry from His Divine lips! For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died, what can I do for Thee? Shall we withhold in face of *such* love as this? God forbid. All for Jesus. We had a very happy Bible reading on Hebrews, chapter vii. Considering Him our Great High Priest, only thus can the Spirit change us into His image. Christ risen, all-powerful, dwelling in us, is it not a wonder-



ful thought? Now, for Chinese, the Lord is helping us wonderfully in this; we are making rapid progress. I often think how much we owe to our beloved praying brothers and sisters at home; surely through their prayers blessings will follow our every step. Who knows what Epaphras accomplished for the Colossian Church? We have now entered the Bay of Naples, the scenery is exquisite, beautiful indeed is the approach to this city. Mr. Boroughs of the "Sailors' Rest" has met us, and is kindly acting as our guide. Some parts of the town are very modern, and we can almost imagine ourselves walking our own streets in England. We visited several places of interest, the Municipal Building, the King's Palace, the Grotto, and the old road to Rome, leading to the Appian Way. On the cliffs outside this Grotto is Virgil's Tomb, but it was dark, and time would not permit inspection, so we glance and pass on. We also saw the beautiful monument representing United Italy—four lions, one in the attitude of repose, Italy asleep; one partially roused drawing a sword from his side with his teeth, Italy aroused; one awake, erect, the sword extracted, Italy awake; the last in an attitude of watchful defiance, Italy free and defiant. Italy has an army of two millions at her command. The soldiers are very picturesque, and there are plenty of priests. We are just now sailing away from Naples, the moon is shining brightly, the stars glittering, the sea perfectly clear and so blue, Naples lighted up, and Vesuvius' flame illuminating the sky. Can you imagine the picture? it is marvellous. Praise God for His wonderful gifts to the children of men. God save Naples from the priests of Rome, Italy free but in bondage. We saw a beautiful shrine to the Virgin in one of the principal streets, put up on the



occasion of their last deliverance from the cholera scourge, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin.(?) During the time we were at the "Rest" Lord Radstock's son dropped in, having just arrived at Naples on a yachting trip. Rather remarkable in what strange ways the Lord throws His people together. We had a short time of fellowship in prayer, and he then gave us a nice word from Exodus xxxi. 2, the calling and filling of Bezaleel; he then took his departure and we, ours. Took on a few fresh passengers, among them being a Catholic Priest, a native of Ceylon, *en route* for that country, having received ten years' training at Rome; we shall know more about him, I expect, later on.

Saturday, December 8.—Rose late, our tramp through the streets of Naples having tired us. We are sailing by the coast of Italy, getting into the Straits of Messina and sighting Mount Etna. What a magnificent volcano this is! It is 12,000 feet in height, almost three times higher than Vesuvius. We are just going down to our Bible reading; there is abundance of food for thought and meditation in this wonderful Epistle to the Hebrews. I think we are a long way from sounding its depths; sometimes the discussion gets rather animated, and one has to be careful to avoid controversy, but if we are willing to be taught by the Holy Spirit, God will reveal His richest treasures to our gaze, and we shall be filled with joy. After our reading we have a prayer-meeting for China and loved ones at home. We are in the Straits, the scenery all around is beautiful beyond description. On one side, the town of Messina beautifully situated, at the foot of a long range of mountains; on the other side, the lovely island, Sicily, at the foot of richly cultivated mountain slopes, with

here and there a pretty winding water-course ; the brightly-painted houses built close to the water's edge, with the gaily decked boats moored to the shore, all tend to make a picture so beautiful that I cannot attempt to convey it adequately to your mind. Calabria, celebrated for its brigands, is so pretty and fascinating, one could almost wish to stop the boat and take up their abode in this enchanting country. We are now passing Rhegio, the Rhegium of Acts. But these scenes are fast vanishing from our gaze as we go on our way through the blue Mediterranean Sea ; night is at hand, and it is getting rather tempestuous, we are to have a little experience of weather that will put our sailing abilities to the test. The Lord is my Shepherd. He is a very *present* help in trouble.

Sunday, December 9.—Ship rolling very much. Rose in good time. Many absentees on account of sea-sickness. We had a short service in first saloon, consisting of reading prayers and lessons from Church Service ; no opportunity for proclaiming the Gospel. I cannot see the use of a bare form of service like this, unless it be as a poultice to the conscience. We had a very enjoyable and profitable Bible reading, and in the evening a service previously announced was conducted in our saloon, at which only two (I think) outsiders were present. However, the Lord blessed us, and a Mr. James, a missionary to India (who has been home to recruit his health, and is now returning to resume his labours), gave a very earnest and stirring missionary address, taking for his subject the Macedonian cry. I think we all enjoyed it, and found it helpful. Our only possible way it seems, of dealing with our passengers, is to speak to them individually as the Lord may give us opportunity ; will you

pray that the efforts thus made and the seed thus sown may bring forth fruit to the glory of God? Our Catholic friend is popular on account of his *very* broad views as to what God demands from us; he makes it easy for religion (so called), and the world to go hand-in-hand, and this is the religion we know the flesh is only too eager to worship; how comforting it is to know that God has put a limit to the power of the adversary. He that is for us is greater than all that be against us; it is only till He comes. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Another Lord's day has come to a close, and we are a week's march nearer our Jesus. 'Tis heaven where Jesus is and nowhere else beside, onward, upward, homeward.

Monday, December 10.—Rose late, having passed rather a bad night; had more rolling and pitching than we have yet experienced; it is not being rocked to sleep, I found it being rocked awake. This Mediterranean Sea is very beautiful, but it has been by far the roughest part of our journey, and thereby its enjoyment has been much marred; we anticipated a repetition of Paul's experience—it was here they were met by the Euroclydon, and ran under the island of Acts xxvii. 16. The only incident worthy of note is that one of the sails was split in half by the wind, producing a little excitement which lasted about an hour; it is amusing and interesting to watch the black fellows on board swarm like so many monkeys up the rigging, yelling at one another in their not by any means elegant jargon. None of them seem to understand English, so they are utterly beyond our reach; what a terribly hard life theirs seems to be, entirely destitute of all that makes life happy even in this world; and how sad to think they have no hope beyond. Eternity sounds no note of joy to their ears,

and perhaps none of terror, but without Christ it must be separation from God, and for ever shut out from heaven ; the Lord have mercy upon them.

Tuesday, December 11.—We had as usual a very happy Bible reading ; there is gold in abundance in this precious epistle ; but it wants diligent digging for, in dependence upon the Spirit of God who revealeth to every man as He will the things of God. We are fast approaching Port Said, and at six o'clock we are safely anchored ; but only for four hours, not much time to take the bearings of the place. We were agreeably surprised to find that a Commander in Her Majesty's Navy, a Captain Brenton of the *Fearless*, was waiting to receive us, quite an unexpected honour. He is an earnest devoted follower and servant of the King of Glory, and manifested a very exemplary spirit of brotherly love and humility ; it gives one great joy to meet such faithful witnesses for the Master in high places. He had not accommodation on his boat for all of us, so Mr. Cooper and three others availed themselves of his invitation to take tea with him in his cabin, after which they are coming for those of us who remain to take us ashore. In his cabin he had photographs of his great grandfather, grandfather, and an uncle, all admirals, and all disciples of Christ ; opposite these were hanging pictures of their several naval engagements, and over them the text, "Our fathers trusted in Thee." He has four sons and one daughter, and his desire is that they all may become missionaries. God grant it. After landing, we entered the British and Foreign Bible Society, and spent an hour in happy fellowship and prayer. The captain gave us a very precious portion from Hebrews xi., "He *endured* as seeing Him who is invisible," and his profitable remarks showed that he

was deeply taught of the Spirit of God's truth. *Endurance* is a quality we all need, and can only possess in degree for testimony in proportion to our faith in Him. *Seeing Jesus*, earth's clouds cannot hide Him from the eye of faith, "Be thou faithful unto death." There is nothing to interest one much at Port Said; the place is a den of moral corruption, it has the reputation of excelling in wickedness almost any place on earth. How longsuffering is our gracious God! may He deal in mercy and bless the efforts of His servants here. We have returned to the ship, and are making ready to start again for Suez. Ships are not allowed through the Canal at night without the electric light, so we have a dynamo brought on board, and the light is placed at her head, and we start on our voyage through this famous Canal; it is night, so we must reserve our curiosity until to-morrow.

Wednesday, December 13.—How strange it seems steaming on this narrow Canal, the result of such stupendous effort, expense, and ingenuity, but what a boon it is to the nations and what a saving of time and labour. It is 100 miles long, and we have to go down very slowly. On the embankment are funny, little Egyptian children keeping pace with the ship and crying for Backsheesh to be thrown them. We pass a lot of camels employed to carry away the sand as it is dug out; these very sagacious animals lie down to be loaded, and when the operation is completed they rise and start at slower than funeral pace to their destination. We also pass the bungalow where the French Emperor resided when he opened the Canal. Ismalia is in the distance; all around is sandy desert, and the sky clear as I have never seen it before. What a difference in our speed! ships must not exceed six miles an hour in the Canal. There is



such an entire contrast here in every way, all around is calm and beautiful, so refreshing, quiet, and peaceful. We arrived at Suez in the evening. I am unable to give much of a description of it, as we were not allowed to land; directly we anchored we were surrounded by a swarm of boats containing natives selling figs, dates, etc. These Egyptians are magnificent fellows in point of physique, and in their loose, graceful costume, present a really handsome appearance; in climbing they make almost as much use of their toes as their fingers; it must be a great acquisition to have the lower extremities thus usefully trained. We have left Suez behind, and shall soon be through the Gulf into the 'Red Sea. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday we were sailing through the latter. Friday we passed the town of Mocha, but only just near enough to catch a glimpse of it; all I could distinguish was a mass of white buildings. The heat here is intense, almost overpowering. I have been much interested watching the pretty little flying fish, sometimes traversing a distance of 100 yards, a very beautiful sight to see a flock of them glittering in the sun. The stars and the moon shine with indescribable brilliancy in this clear atmosphere.

Saturday evening our first-class passengers gave a fancy dress ball, the actors in which, one blessed with the possession of all his faculties, could not envy, for it is almost too hot to lie still, and dancing (apart from other reasons for refraining) would be furthest from my thoughts; however, they have managed four hours of it, and any enjoyment they have derived they have certainly earned. How it makes one rejoice to be able to say, "None but Christ can satisfy;" these are broken cisterns which all must

find sooner or later, and without Christ all will perish. God save them ere it be too late.

Sunday, December 16.—This has been a very happy day ; had a very, very precious time remembering our Lord, and my heart was very much with the dear saints in the homeland. The glory of all is the Jesus we are remembering, that glory which we are so soon to share ; it is only “Till He come.” “Peace, perfect peace. In Jesus’ keeping we are safe and they.” The Lord has been very gracious to us, it is His delight to be so ; we have much cause for rejoicing to-night. We have had a glorious Gospel service in our saloon, at which nearly the whole of our fellow-passengers were present ; few have been before. Selkirk gave a very telling address from Joshua xxiv. 15. There was an earnest listening spirit, and the Gospel was clearly put. May God add His blessing to His own work.

Monday, December 17.—Rose early. To see the sun rise is a sight well worth seeing here. I have been very unwell, so am afraid I shall not be very interesting in this part of my Diary, and on this account I have deferred filling it in for nearly a week. To-day we have passed in our course twelve large rocks called the “Twelve Apostles,” and have also been through the Straits of *Babel-Mandeb*, otherwise called the “Gates of Hell.” The sailors, I believe, have given them this name on account of the number of shipwrecks that have happened round this spot ; however, we have got safely through them and are fast nearing Aden, our next port for calling.

Tuesday, December 18.—We are safely anchored inside Aden harbour. Every one is astir early, and there is quite a tumult on deck. They are making préparations for the coaling ; this necessary business

involves an immense amount of work for the Lascars, and it must be terribly hard for the poor blacks carrying such heavy bags of coal on their shoulders from the barge to our boat, one incessant stream of human beings going up and down the gangway for about four hours; we take on about 3000 tons at each port. The town of Aden is about four miles from the port; its most interesting feature is the enormous tanks in which water is stored for the dry seasons. Our main object in landing is to get some fruit, if possible. There is nothing to be seen; any place more barren and desolate-looking can scarcely be imagined. It is absolutely destitute of any trace of vegetation on account of the intense heat which prevails. I find plenty to interest me, of course, watching the natives and the curious conveyances drawn by oxen in pairs, and I am reminded of the loving yoke which we have taken upon us and the Precious One with whom we are yoked; it is His yoke. May we have grace to bear it patiently and learn of Him. We visited what they please to term the fruit market, finding the fruit was another matter; oranges and apples were 1½d. each, and they were very scarce. I inquired the price of a bunch of bananas; I was told 5s. 6d. Before leaving I managed to secure a bunch for 2s. 6d.; with this and half-a-dozen oranges we were obliged to be content and hurry back, as we have no desire to be left in this Crusoe-like place. We are back on board now, and have leisure to watch the performance of the crowd of little slim, native boys in their funny little canoes. They have a chorus of their own, which they chant very humorously, "I divee, sir, oh! oh! Yes, sir, I divee, sir; deeper down, sir; you throw, sir, I divee, sir." They will only dive for silver, they are really



very clever ; and dive from immense heights. They never lose a coin, and are almost as much at home in the water as the animals who people this element. They are all perfectly nude, with the exception of the Eastern girdles. We have said good-bye to Aden now, and are in the Indian Ocean. Shall see no more land until we reach Colombo, where we expect to arrive on the evening of Christmas Day.

Saturday, December 22. — The intervening days have passed as usual, nothing of interest occurring to relate. We are having pretty rough weather, fine but a strong wind blowing causing a heavy sea. We are looking forward to a time of rejoicing and blessing on the coming Lord's Day.

Sunday, December 23.—We have had a very happy day, our hearts have been made very glad in the Lord for His wondrous goodness to us. Oh ! that our faith were stronger, that we might enter more fully into the enjoyment of our blessings, and reflect more and more clearly the brightness of the glory of our risen Lord, in the darkness of this sin-stained world. What poor mirrors we are, and how careful we should be to allow nothing in our lives which would come in between our souls and Jesus, and so hinder our reflection of His image. We had a most happy Gospel meeting in the evening, and again almost the whole of our passengers were present. Macoun gave the address, selecting for his subject Hebrews ii., How shall we escape, etc. ; he delivered a very faithful message, and as it was our last opportunity for preaching the Gospel on board this ship, we are believing much blessing will result ; it may perhaps be the last invitation to some. There have been no manifest instances of blessing ; but this must not discourage us, because results are with God ; we must preach the Word, and He will give the in-

crease ; for as much as we know our labour shall not be in vain in the Lord. "Peace, perfect peace ; He giveth His beloved sleep."

Tuesday evening, Christmas Day.—We safely arrived at Colombo after a very squally uncomfortable day ; this is our last night on the *Nepaul*. At seven o'clock, Wednesday morning, we ship on to the *Bengal* ; may our stay on this vessel result in blessing to those with whom we have travelled, by the grace of God.

Wednesday, December 26.—The eventful time has arrived, and we are taking our departure for the *Bengal*. She is to my mind a noble ship, and everything seems to promise a very happy termination to our voyage. We have taken possession of our cabins, and are now off for a spell on shore. This is a lovely island, and from the impression I have received of the place, I could very profitably and happily spend a month here ; the streets and shops are most attractive, and the vegetation is very pleasing and refreshing to the eye after the dreary barrenness of Aden and Port Said. Colombo is a very fertile island, once famous for its coffee plantations ; tea, I believe, is now its chief production. One is struck with the multitudes of natives in the streets which we visited, and the cruel, merciless treatment they receive at the hands of the French police. What a field for labour in the Gospel is here ; surely there are many who would be led to respond to God's invitation had they any one to announce the message. The solemn fact that strikes one everywhere is the vast number who know nothing of Jesus ; truly the harvest is plenteous, but the labourers are few. The professional beggars here are very numerous, and most pitiable-looking objects ; some of them are emaciated, hideous, suffering from all descriptions of deformity, and of course one must

appear to be deaf to their cries, or one's pocket would very soon be emptied. Fruit, here, can be procured in abundance, and we load ourselves with a variety of these valuable and bountiful gifts of our Father. We are glad to get back to the ship for a rest. We are joined here by Mrs. Cassidy, with two children, also bound for China in the Master's service ; she is from America, and has just lost her husband, who had been a missionary in Yokohama ; she is a very earnest, devoted Christian, and I am sure we shall be greatly profited by her fellowship. We are off now for Penang, at which port we are due Monday next. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday have been very enjoyable days ; my hopes have been more than realised with regard to our change of quarters, the surroundings and associations are almost all one could desire, and there is no hindrance, but rather encouragement in the Lord's work. The second officer is a very advanced Christian ; the butcher is also one of twelve months' old ; he has grown wonderfully in grace ; we spend some of our happiest times with him in his clean little shop ornamented with floral texts, we visit him every night, and have a Bible reading ; there are I think three others on board on the Lord's side. To-morrow is the last day of the old year, which has been fraught with such wonderful changes to many of us, and we shall, all being well, spend it at Penang.

Monday, December 31. — Anchored in Penang harbour about 5 A.M. About 7 o'clock Mr. Sea of B. and F.B. Society, and Mr. Eagger from the Saints in Fellowship at Greenwich, came on board, and welcomed us to Penang. What a joy it is to clasp the hand of those from the homeland who are engaged in the same glorious work for the same precious Master, upon which we are so soon to enter ; these brethren

are very happy in their work, and were rejoiced to meet with us. After breakfast we set off for the shore, and made our way to the Mission house, where we were hospitably received by Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald. The house is delightfully situated, and seemed so deliciously cool after our dusty walk ; we stayed here for some two and a-half hours, having some prayer and a short time of meditation over the Word, Mr. Macdonald giving us a few helpful thoughts upon the quotation, "Our God shall fight for us." How needful it is we should get this assurance firmly fixed and rooted in our hearts and minds, no fear of defeat, no fear of non-success, only to trust and yield. This is the most interesting and pleasant spot we have yet visited, and it is swarming with Chinese, some of whom are very wealthy ; most of the best shops have Chinese proprietors ; it seems they flock to these ports, and by their frugality, and industry, and ability, very speedily acquire a competency, and then return to China. There are numbers of eating-houses here frequented by Chinese, who squat down on the edge of the footpath, and have their food served them in basins ; then they commence with their chopsticks. I looked, but had no desire to eat. The vegetation here is very luxuriant, the scenery beautiful, and there is ample scope for labour. I could almost wish to have stayed, but forward is our watchword, upward is our path, glory is our goal. Have just returned to ship, and have spent a most enjoyable day ; all the Singapore missionaries came to see us off.

January 1, 1889.—New Year's Day. On our way for Singapore ; we expect to arrive there to-morrow. We can hardly realise we have entered upon the threshold of another year ; we look back on the one that has gone for ever, and we must fain mourn the

golden opportunities of service we have lost, and the shortcomings and failures ; but withal we can truly say, He has been faithful, He has led us all the way, and goodness and mercy have followed us ; and the same promise rings in our ears and gives joy to our hearts, as we contemplate the hidden future that lies before us. He hath said, I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee ; curiosity would like to lift the veil, but faith says no, "Trust Him," "He knoweth the way that I take." How precious to realise that we can, this being so, launch out fearlessly on the sea of time, knowing that all will be well ; tribulation may be our portion, but be of good cheer. He says, "In Me ye shall overcome." There is a drop of bitterness in our cup, Mr. Cooper having to-night been suddenly taken with pleurisy and inflammation of the lungs ; he is very bad, and will require us to sit up with him all night. He doth not afflict willingly, and we know He has some wise purpose in thus chastening his child.

Wednesday, January 2.—Mr. Cooper much worse, and we are apprehensive for his recovery ; the doctor seems to be very dubious about him, but we are praying for him earnestly, and the answer will surely come. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Mr. C. still very bad, the fever has reached its height, and, praise the Lord, has taken a turn for the better. I must mention that on Wednesday we were at Singapore, a most delightful place, studded with pretty hills, upon which residences are built, and surrounded by luxuriant vegetation. We were met and entertained by a Mr. Haffaeden, agent for B. and F.B. Society ; he is a very genial, hearty servant of God, and his extreme kindness very much added to the enjoyment of our visit. The European quarter of the town very much reminds one of old England ; the shops are very fine,



but no attempt is made to attract customers by fancy window adornments. We visited the Strangers' Rest, and partook of luncheon, being waited upon by Chinese Christians; the climate is very tropical indeed, and it is almost impossible to walk much. We had a ride back to the ship in a rickshaw, a small hand-cart carrying two, and pulled by a human horse, a native; this is to my mind a very pleasant and easy mode of travelling, but I certainly would not like to be the horse; it was a three mile run, and our native went at a good speed all the way; these fellows' powers of endurance must be tremendous, as they are at it all day. We visited the English and Roman Catholic Cathedrals; both these places were very interesting.

Sunday, January 6.—Mr. Cooper is making rapid strides towards recovery; it is truly remarkable the way he has picked up; but the great Physician has been at work, and His remedies never fail. Mr. Cooper, Jun., took the service to-night, and we had a glorious time and a good muster of hands. It has been very rough to-day; all the first-class passengers are down with sickness, so *they* have had no service.

Monday, January 7.—Still very rough. We are all fairly well, and about the only ones to show up on deck, which Mr. C. says is a feather in our cap as missionaries. It is a beautiful sight, a fine day and a rough sea; the boat rides splendidly. Mr. C. is still improving, is out of immediate danger, and very cheerful. Mrs. C. has borne up wonderfully; she says she felt confident from the first that the Lord would restore him, and He has honoured her faith and answered our prayers.

Tuesday, January 8.—Mr. Cooper still improving, but not yet able to leave his bed; we have much to

be thankful for. We reached Hong-Kong 5.30 P.M., and remain here until Thursday morning. At seven o'clock we started with Mr. H., second officer, for the shore, and our first landing in China is an experience we are not likely soon to forget. We were anchored a good way from the land, and started from the ship in a very primitive Chinese junk, sand punt. At the last moment Mr. Macoun decided not to accompany us, in spite of our persuasions to the contrary; the hand of the Lord was in this, as we eventually found. There were eleven of us in the boat as it was; I was sitting on the gunwale with my feet upon the bottom, and when we had got about twenty yards from the ship I felt water coming in the tops of my boots; we then found the boat was fast filling with water. It was dark, and Mr. Home told the men to pull hard, and truly they did pull for life. We were fast filling, the gunwale at the stern, where we had been sitting, going right under; every now and then we had to start baling, using our hats. There was nothing in front of us on the shore but a high blank stone wall; but there was no time for hesitation, we must risk scaling it. There happened to be an iron ring fixed in the wall by a staple. Mr. Lachlan as best climber mounted first; we lifted him until his foot was placed in the ring, from which he could just reach the top; with a spring he was safely up. Hayward was next, as he could not swim; I went next, and we were able by leaning over to render assistance to the rest in getting up; we all landed safely, praise the Lord. He has delivered us; had Macoun been with us we must have gone down soon after starting from the ship. This circumstance ordained by God saved us a ducking, and probably a watery grave. The eternal God is our refuge, underneath are the everlasting

arms ; how safe we are in His keeping ; praise Him for ever all ye His people. We spent the evening at the Sailors' Home ; have made arrangements for a meeting to-morrow.

Wednesday, January 9.—Up early for a day on shore. This is a large port, and apparently a very thriving one. We get a good idea of the people among whom we are destined to labour in the Gospel ; so far our impressions of them have been decidedly pleasing, they are industrious, clever, intelligent, and seemingly affable. It is very easy to lose one's-self in the streets, they are all alike. I started to find the post office by myself, and wandered about a mile and a-half in the opposite direction, my tongue being of no service to me. I found my mistake at a police station. I had to get into a rickshaw and ride back. In the afternoon we went up the peak, 1800 feet high, by an electric railway ; some portions of it are almost perpendicular, and it gives one a very strange sensation to look down. However, we reached its summit, and looked down on the most lovely scene imaginable. After this we went to the Happy Valley, an English cemetery, and this is a very garden of Eden for beauty, filled with lovely tropical plants and flowers. We had a very good meeting at the Sailors' Home at 8 o'clock P.M. ; two or three of us said a word for the Master, and I trust it may receive His blessing in the salvation of souls.

Thursday, January 11.—Preparing for departure. We are off for Shanghai, the end of our journey at present ; we expect to reach there Sunday evening.

Friday, January 12.—Have reached the Mission Home of Shanghai, and are snugly housed in our very comfortable quarters here ; what can we say to the Lord for all His goodness to us ? But it is not



wonderful when we consider how much He loves us ;  
“ Like as a father pitieth his children.” We are to remain here until Wednesday evening ; shall be transformed into Chinamen on Tuesday. Here endeth the first part of Diary ; may the Lord’s blessing rest on all the loved ones who peruse its pages, and their prayers ever ascend to the throne of grace on behalf of the writer, that he may serve the Lord Christ faithfully in the heathen land, and be a channel of blessing ; an instrument used of God by the Holy Ghost in turning many to righteousness. God be with you till we meet again in the flesh, or till Jesus come and take us home. Praise the Lord.

## CHAPTER II.

### FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CHINA.

WE started from Shanghai on Wednesday, *en route* for Ganking. We travelled as first-class natives (by the way there is very little difference first or third class); we were eight in number, and were all bundled into one small cabin, with scarcely room enough to contain us altogether even in a standing position. Our food consisted largely of rice, and some stores which we purchased at Shanghai. Our trip down the Yangtsi took two and a-half days. It being the depth of winter here, and bitterly cold, everything has a barren and desolate aspect. I played a few tunes on my violin to the natives in the hold, and they enjoyed it immensely. I made it crow like a cock in response to some of the birds they were carrying with them, and they went into roars of laughter. We arrived at Ganking 1.30 on Saturday. This is our first experience inside the walls of a Chinese city, and what strikes one most is the filthy and crowded condition of the streets, and the wretched, unhappy condition of the people; nothing but the Gospel can lift this neglected race out of the mire and filth of their state, body and soul. The romance of Mission work very soon disappears when face to face with the work itself; the grace and

power of God alone will carry us through. On Sunday morning I went to a Chinese service.

February 25, 1889.—I have very manifestly experienced the help of the Lord in my studies. Difficulties which appear insuperable to our eyes all vanish before the presence and power of our Lord. Oh! that we trusted Him more unreservedly. He tells us, If thou canst *believe*, *all* things are possible to him that believeth. Let us believe, then, that He may do His work through us; we have need to pray much against unbelief, because His power cannot be manifested where unbelief reigns. The reasonings of the natural intellect must be relinquished, when it is a question of what *He* can accomplish. He is not confined to the range of human intellect and reason, and there are times when we must trust Him blindly as it were. We have received news to-day from two brothers who are labouring to gain an entrance into that province for which Mr. Doward laid down his life. The enemy has been coming in upon them like a flood, they have been mobbed and violently handled and threatened severely, pulled out of their house by their pig-tails to be thrown into a pond, and were with difficulty rescued by the Chinese officials (the opposition to the Gospel is very bitter in the province of Hu-nan), but they are very happy and trusting in the Lord, rejoicing that they are counted worthy to suffer shame for His sake. Their names are Lawson and James; it would be nice specially to remember them in prayer, asking that the opposition may be broken down.

March 11.—We have had the weather here for a few days as hot as the height of summer at home; but now it is so cold again that all our thick clothing has to be resumed. The students (Chinese) are now

beginning to come here for their examinations ; there will be probably 10,000 or 12,000 in a month or two. We have now to curtail our walking exercise, as it is unwise for more than three or four to go out at a time, for fear that the knowledge of such a large number of foreigners being in the city should create a disturbance. I had a very happy time yesterday, Sunday, and a special blessing from the Lord. I had felt depressed, so had a time of fasting and prayer, and waiting upon the Lord ; and I did not wait in vain, He blessed me. I told dear Hunt all about it, and he prayed with me, and we had a breaking-down time together. The Lord is very gentle and patient with us in our weakness, but therein is His strength perfected. Praise Him. Ah ! it is all through Him, that is the secret, who hath loved and will love us to the end. His own. He alone knows what it cost to make such as we His own, and it is not only that we are His, but He is ours. He gave Himself, and in Him the Father hath freely given us all things. Well might David say, " Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of His and give thanks," for in His favour is life, and are not we by wondrous grace made the objects of His royal kingly favour, children of the King of kings and Lord of lords ; living in the light of His countenance and His favour is as a cloud of later rain, Prov. xvi. 15, and as the dew upon the grass, xix. 12, bright, sparkling, refreshing and richly fraught with Divine blessing, causing those upon whom it falls to bring forth fruit in which even He can delight, the fruits of the Spirit. Oh ! how little of that precious cluster can the world distinguish in those who ought to represent Him. I do long to be more like Him ; it is so hard to be nothing and to do nothing, without there being something of the flesh in it, but He is

able (praise God for this) to make all grace abound towards us, and to keep us from falling and present us faultless, to do exceedingly abundantly beyond all we can ask or even think. The language is getting very interesting. We are shortly to prepare for our first examination. Pray for us.

May 5.—The country now is very lovely, wondrously beautiful to me. Mountain and valley scenery is something I have not been privileged to see at home ; but it makes one feel sad at times to look upon the thousands of graves all around one everywhere, containing all that remains of those who have never known the love of Jesus and perhaps never heard His name, and it is the only name given among men whereby we can be saved. What multitudes are being daily added to the number of those to whom the joy of being with Jesus in glory will never be known. Why has God chosen us to set His love upon us and to give us His Christ? But for His sovereign grace we would have been amongst those who go down into the pit. Pray earnestly for me, that I may be filled with the Holy Ghost, the flesh crucified and the resurrection life of Christ manifested. One cannot be long in China without feeling deeply the necessity for this, the powers of evil are so strong. The weather here now is delightful. How brightly the sun shines, and the music of the birds is so charming. All speak of the glory and love of our Father in Heaven.

May 28.—One morning last week I was awakened with the words, "The Lord is not here, He is risen, the stone is rolled away." The next morning with these precious words, "The Lord is with thee, whithersoever thou goest and in whatsoever thou doest." What a wonderful comprehensive promise is this?

With Jesus near, what need we fear? With Him to take us through, what is there we can't do? Paul said, "I can do all things." How? Through Christ. This is it, through Him *all* things; apart from Him *nothing*, and may *we* not say it too? The same Christ is ours, is mine. We each one have a whole Christ. He is yours, He is mine, and I am His. Oh! let us be all for Him. He is soon coming to fetch us, and we do not want to be ashamed before Him. The devil is working very hard, and in Him alone are we safe from his power. Thank God for the refuge He has given us. We are hid with Christ in God.

August 1.—I have been preparing for examination in my first section, and it has demanded all the time I could devote to it, including that which I should have spent in letter-writing, so you will not begrudge me the loss of your letter. How good our Lord is to us! He has brought me through this examination far more satisfactorily than I had expected. My score is an average of ninety-one marks out of a possible hundred; you will rejoice with me in this, praising the Lord, for the glory is His. I have just returned from a trip of ten days on the lakes; very lovely they are, surrounded by mountains, some of immense height, at their base beautiful valleys richly cultivated with crops, and in one place where we landed, a delightful winding stream of about three or four miles, with wild luxuriant vegetation on either side; occasionally a pheasant would start up, and here and there a bird with beautiful plumage; the stream (swarming with trout) was as clear as crystal in some places. I was by myself, and sat down on a rock by the side of the stream to read; in a few minutes two Chinamen discovered me and approached, in a little while three or four more came up. They commenced



conversing, and I told them as well as I could my object in coming to China—to preach the Gospel of Jesus and His power to save; but my vocabulary was soon exhausted. How one longs to be able to talk to them. It is so different at home where people look to have their ears tickled by intellectual eloquence, and treat with contempt the grand old Gospel, and yet this and this alone is declared to be the power of God unto salvation; intellect and eloquence are baits of the devil to lure men on to destruction. Here they eagerly listen to the simple story of the Cross, but thousands of years of idolatry and superstition has darkened their minds and hardened their hearts; nothing but the power of the Holy Ghost can penetrate the thick darkness and cause the Word to give light, and this power is ours; do pray that I and all His servants may be filled with the Spirit. On my way back to the boat some lads ran after me; when I stopped they turned tail and ran away; in a little while, I being seated, one or two bolder than the rest slowly came right up to me, and seeing I did not gobble them up, the others came trooping back until I had about twenty around me. Here was a glorious opportunity of which I could make but little use owing to my limited vocabulary; they were happy little fellows, they all wanted tracts but I only had two or three; a little chap, very pretty and full of mischief, a dear boy, snatched the one I held in my hand and bolted as fast as his little legs would carry him, laughing merrily at his success. Chinamen do not as a rule value what they get for nothing; if they purchase them at the cost of a mere fraction it will ensure them being read. On another occasion, being asked at a house to drink tea, I gladly responded; the heat is so excessive one gets very thirsty. I sat



down, and in less than two minutes had about twenty men and boys around me, plying me with questions I could not understand. I let them have all the Chinese I could muster, left one or two tracts and came away. These country people are very affable and hospitable, it is quite a pleasure to be amongst them ; we visited a number of farms, and had a most enjoyable time. I am quite brown with the sun. There were six of us, and our cabin was twelve feet by ten feet by six and a-half feet about. We slept of course on the floor, had our meals with chopsticks, prepared as nearly like English as our cook knew how.

August 14.—I must ask you all to join in thanksgiving and praise to God for His goodness to me. He laid me down for five days with malaria fever, during which I suffered a good deal of acute pain, and had no sleep the whole time. You know I have not had much training in this school of affliction, and I fear I was not very patient ; but I do trust I have profited by our loving Father's chastening. The day the mail arrived was my second day of convalescence, and I can tell you it was a great joy to receive and read your loving letters. The Lord has restored me now, and I hope I am not ungrateful for His goodness. The doctor is an exceedingly nice fellow, truly like his Master, taking the place of a servant. I frequently go out into the streets to sell gospel books, and it is surprising how freely they are purchased by the people. It is trying not to be able to converse with them, and the most difficult thing is to clearly understand what they say to you. One cannot answer the many questions. They are very patient, and will even repeat the question perhaps a dozen times to make one comprehend, and then they are not angry if you do not understand. Sometimes,

as at home, the crowd is inclined for fun, and will banter one a good deal ; it is then wise quietly to move away. I want you to make special prayer that I may be filled with the Holy Ghost, and so endued with power from on high. In Christ all fulness dwells, and all power is given unto Him, and He is with us always. But yet He told His disciples to wait at Jerusalem until they received the promise of the Father, enduement of power from on high ; and when the Gospel is preached in the energy of this God-given irresistible power, the Word will quicken dead souls into life. This is the blessing I am longing for.

September 2.—I have not been studying for the last few days, as I had a relapse of the fever and got so very weak. My laying aside will throw me back a good deal in my studies. My greatest difficulty now is to get sleep, for several nights I have had none ; but do not be at all anxious about me, I have not been seriously ill, and we know He doeth all things well. He is caring for you, He is caring for me ; in fact, I think in a special way I am become an object of His care now, so that trusting Him you need not be in any way apprehensive about me. The exhibitions we get out here are illustrative of the devil's power in the deception of the human heart. Hideous processions to propitiate the gods, and sin and misery abounding on all hands. How terrible it seems that such a mighty nation as this should be buried in the darkness of idolatry and superstition. It is wonderful the hold it seems to have upon the hearts of the people, although many are sensible enough to see the utter folly of it ; but the Gospel of Christ, the power of God, can snap the chain and set the sceptic free. Oh ! for more of the Spirit of Christ to weep over lost sinners.

It is wonderful how the Lord helps in the study of this language. He is abundantly answering your prayers for us, and we need them much; it is very stimulating the knowledge that we have the prayers of so many of the Lord's people, and it will help us in all our work; get as many to pray for me and for our work in China as you can. Will you see that God is inquired of in this at all the prayer-meetings in connection with the Hall? I shall ever remember with gratitude my last night there, the place of my first and last testimony for Jesus in England, and you remember, dear mother, that you were there on both these occasions. I well remember how I trembled that first time. The Lord has done wonderful things for us since then, hasn't He? We are *all* in the kingdom now, our feet securely planted on the immovable Rock of Ages. Isaiah xxvi. 3 and 4, margin, with Christ in God nothing now can touch us but that which is permitted by and comes through Himself, and He loves us too tenderly to let anything befall but what will be for our good.

Evermore His fadeless presence  
Shall thy steps attend;  
Having loved *His own*, He loveth  
Even to the *end* (eternity).

When thy heart most surely needs  
He will most His love display,  
But thou shalt enjoy it fully  
When all need has passed away.

When faith is lost in sight we shall see Him as He is in unclouded glory, and live in His glorious presence for the ages unto the ages. What a glorious future is ours, as sure as God's Eternal Word, made known to us in His beloved Son.

September 16.—I have not been very strong bodily since my indisposition, but it is only weakness. I am picking up rapidly every day, and am now able to study again without much difficulty. News here is very scanty, and life uneventful, except that the devil tries one terribly hard, and one soon finds he is the prince of the powers of the air; but praise God, although the devil is mighty, our God is Almighty, and with God for us, and Jesus with us, and the Holy Ghost in us, we need not fear the world, the flesh, or the devil. It has been said that one man with the Lord on his side is always in the majority, though the whole world were against him; yet the conflict is real. I have had a longing for home since my illness. I wonder if this is wrong, but He knoweth our weaknesses, and He will not suffer us to be tried beyond our strength. I am going with Brother Selkirk to labour at Bhamo for the present.

## CHAPTER III.

### APPOINTED TO LABOUR AT BHAMO.

**O**CTOBER 18, 1889.—We are now fairly on our way to Bhamo, the place where we are destined, I trust by the will of God, to labour in the Master's service. We started from Ganking, September 29. On Sunday the captain, a nice man but a thorough sceptic, as I discovered from a conversation I had with him the day previous, asked me in the morning if I would play the organ at their morning service. This I could hardly refuse to do. He conducted the service himself. He said to me, Why didn't God make a man that wouldn't sin? Because Adam took an apple we are all sinners; it seems to me, said he, that God and the devil are playing a game. How true it is, the things of God are only spiritually discerned, and so the devil blinds by our own fancied intelligence.

October 30.—We are now in Mandalay, the golden city of the late King Thebaw, of Upper Burmah, although why it should bear that valuable name I cannot imagine, except it be for the lavish way in which money has been expended in the building of pagodas and idol temples, and idols and priests are simply innumerable. But the former glory of Buddha has departed from most of these places, thanks to the

English Government and soldiery, but sufficient remains to give one a full conception of what has been ; their main object seems to have been to please the eye, everything being very gay in colour, tawdry in appearance, and flimsy in substance. This morning before breakfast I visited the famous Incomparable Pagoda, or idol temple. It is a very beautiful-looking structure. These people are very clever in plaster moulding, and the designs are beautifully and well executed. This is a square turret-shaped building, painted white and other colours, and is visible to the eye a long distance off (the round conical shapes are usually gilded with gold leaf, and look very brilliant in the sun). The inside of the Incomparable was formerly very dazzling in appearance, all round were magnificent mirrors about 6 feet by 4, some larger ; from the roof hung gorgeous chandeliers (glass of different colours), large glass balls, also of various colours, beautiful vases and reclining chairs ; the pillars, the roofs, the walls, handsomely carved, all gilded and inlaid with small pieces of looking-glass ; you can imagine what such a place must have been in the king's time. Now it is almost demolished, and mirrors and chandeliers and things of value are being appropriated and removed. It is impossible almost to conceive the meaning of idolatry until visiting such countries as this, and beholding the terribly immoral, miserable, and filthy condition of its people. There is nothing of real interest in the city ; the country is beautiful and rich, and the climate I should say not injurious or unpleasant. It is a fine railway line from Rangoon to this city, very comfortable, and the stations are far more attractive than most of our English ones ; and there was everything one needed in the way of food at the refreshment



stations. We are staying at the boarding-house of a Christian man who has been in the detective force at Calcutta. We shall be here for five days. At Rangoon we were hospitably entertained for four days by a member of the American Baptist Mission in charge of the press and store. They were very kind to us—hospitality is a distinguishing feature of their character. We were very happy indeed among them, and they were friends in need to us, as Selkirk was very unwell, this being the cause of our stay there, and delay here in Mandalay. I have been in good health; how graciously the Lord has provided for us in all these journeying mercies! I am very glad to have an opportunity of inspecting these places.

November 20.—Again it is my joy to pen you another letter. I feel much at times the distance that separates me from my loved ones, but I am often near you in spirit, and oftentimes I think we at the same time are kneeling at the throne of grace, seeking for one another our Heavenly Father's blessing; you at the close of the day, and I in the early morning hours. You will have read all about our arrival at Bhamo. Nearly all our time is given to study, and in spite of this it is terribly slow work. Our teacher, Mr. Ling, comforts me in this style: two year goodee, three year more goodee, four year very goodee, preach the Gospel. It is extremely quiet here, except at night, and then the rats have high jinks, tumbling things about. Last night I was awakened by a tremendous thud. I got out of bed to explore, and found Mr. Rat had gnawed through the string by which part of a ham was suspended, bringing it to the ground, intending to have a comfortable meal, but I disappointed him. The rooks are constant visitors in the rooms; they are very fond of bananas, and any-

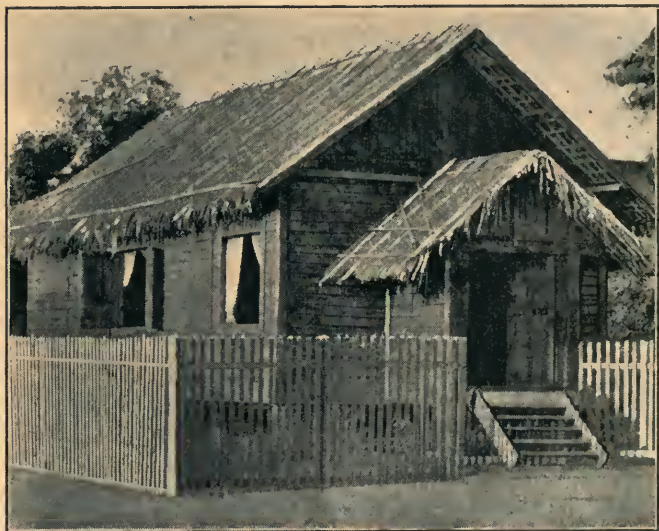


thing else they see lying about ; they literally swarm here.

December 12.—Tuesday by invitation we dined with Mr. B. He is exceedingly clever, a devoted worshipper of the goddess Reason, and utterly pooh-poohs the idea of anything which Reason cannot explain. There is no such thing as faith, he says; evolution is his doctrine; no one can know anything except it can be proved. But he didn't prove how the world evolved. I told him the apostle John had said, "These things have I written unto you that ye may know," etc.; but he tries to upset one with some abstruse scientific question. He is full of what the world calls wisdom and knowledge, and yet utterly destitute and seemingly impervious to true wisdom. I trust the Spirit of God may lay hold of him as it did of Nicodemus, and show him that man's wisdom is foolishness. He is very kind, and has proposed to teach me logarithms and the use of the sextant. We are having good times with the soldiers, but I have found it rather difficult to prepare an address every Sunday, but the Lord has helped me wonderfully. Divine power and love must be the source from whence all true successful soul-winning service must spring.

December 27.—This is Christmas-time. Not much like it out here. We were invited to spend it with Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, American missionaries. They provided a gigantic Christmas-tree and loaded it with presents for the Cochin and Burmese boys and girls and for the adults too: about 130 assembled. Last Sunday morning I was greatly helped by the Lord in preaching from the Cities of Refuge. I had much liberty and there was great attention. Saturday evening we had a most interesting time dealing with

a backslider, a soldier. He stated on being questioned that he had been a Christian for three years, but for the last twelve months he had been a backslider. Showing him how basely he was treating Jesus, and pleading with him, I asked if he would like us to pray about it, but he said no, he wasn't willing to give up sin. We continued pleading; still he declined to



THE MISSION HOUSE, BHAMO.

return to the Lord at present; but placing before him the possibility of his being cut off, or of Jesus coming and finding him in this condition, he said he wouldn't like to meet Him, and was willing there and then to return to Jesus. We gladly went on our knees, and he confessed his sin and gave himself afresh to the Lord. His prayer revealed a good knowledge of the Word and showed that he was no

stranger to prayer. I have seen him since, and he says he has taken his stand, but he will need much grace and prayer to be faithful in the barrack-room : these are terrible places for a Christian.

January 10, 1890.—I was so glad to be remembered by Mrs. Stapelton. As Miss Ellington, and my teacher at the Blackheath Congregational Sunday School, I remember her with great joy. She showed great kindness and patience ; how unruly we were. But I remember that I loved her very much, and who can tell how much I owe to her influence ?

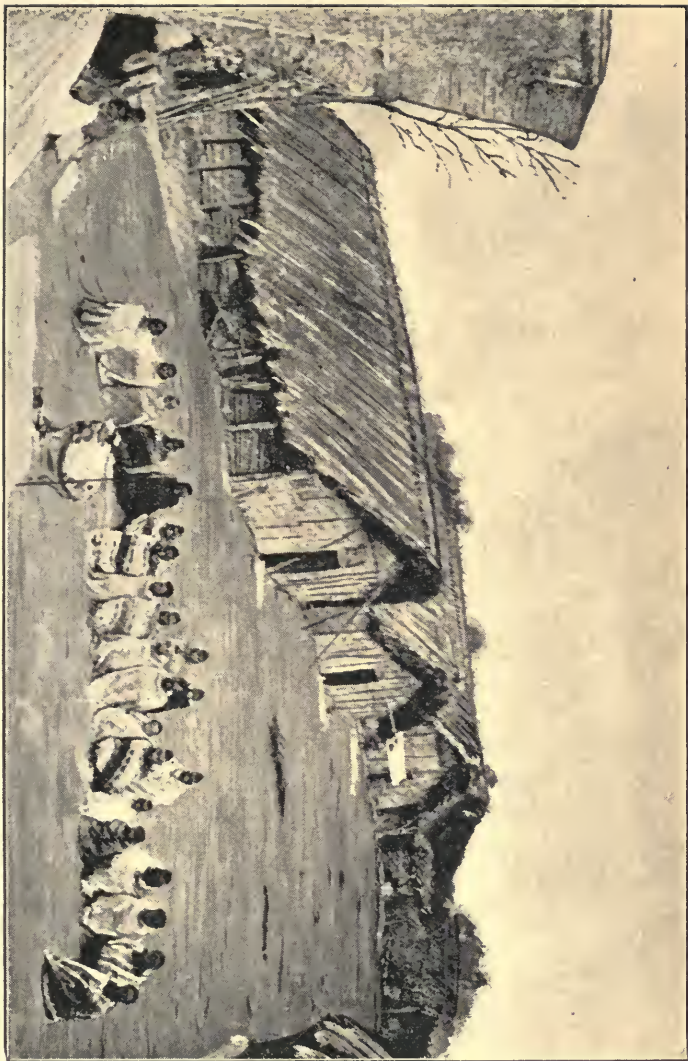
January 14. — The language is becoming more familiar, and soon I trust we shall be publishing abroad the glad tidings of the Gospel in Chinese. It will be principally aggressive open-air work amongst traders and caravans coming and going, so we shall not know much about the result, but He will, and we will hear the record in the glory. Our cook is anxious to know some English, so I am teaching him the words most useful for our intercourse. He knows about twenty or thirty. Sunday morning service no soldiers turned up, so we had a happy little Bible reading with three natives of Assam who speak English. Dear earnest Christians, one is struck at the different way the Gospel lays hold of those who have never enjoyed its privileges, their deep reverence and holy regard for God's Word. They are deeply impressed by the wonderful truth that believers are reckoned as dead and raised with Christ. It is indeed wonderful that hell-deserving sinners should be treated thus. Our God is rich in mercy and marvellous in grace. Remembered the Lord for the first time in breaking of bread with the Chinese members. Had a very blessed time.

January 28.—Yesterday, after the preaching of the

Word, two soldiers professed conversion. We had a testimony meeting, a very happy time. Trezise has been anxious for some time ; his family are Christians. He says he has always known the way of salvation, but has never been able to see it clearly. I told him about the little book, "Safety, Certainty and Enjoyment," and Mr. S. gave me one to give him. He read it, and the light dawned upon him, and he saw it all as clearly as possible, and said he felt so full of joy that he wanted to shout it out in the barracks. Said he could hardly wait for the mail, he was so anxious to let his father know. His testimony was very bright. We are at their request going to have a prayer-meeting. Last week we had for five days residing with us a Mr. and Mrs. M'Call from Rangoon, friends of Mr. Soltau, and they wished to stay at the house where he had lived, so we received them. They had to sleep on the floor. We borrowed three chairs and two knives, and then, though in a rough sort of way, managed to get on all right. They did not mind roughing it. I have never met nicer people. It was as though I had known them for years, and it was quite hard to say good-bye. Mrs. M'Call made us accept a note for twenty rupees, which far exceeded their expenses to us, and made us promise that if either were sick at any time, we would go to their home at Rangoon and let her nurse us. How good of the Lord to provide such friends ! I am so glad of the notes you send me ; one can almost fancy one's self hearing the doctor's voice.

February 4.—Had a chat with a Chinese merchant, and read with him part of Matthew xxvi. Find yet great difficulty in conversing. Went with teacher, Ling, to a caravan outside the village. He explained





A BURMESE VILLAGE.



to them the Gospel, and they crowded round very eagerly and seemed delighted to hear. We spoke a few words as well as we could, and then distributed about thirty gospels, which they received very gratefully, many of them being able to read; we announced the meeting for Sunday and then left. On Monday four soldiers and myself had a prayer-meeting in the fort, open-air, five of us and the Lord; praising Him for His goodness. A very happy time, asking Him to save souls and fill us with the Holy Ghost. What mighty works could the Lord do with vessels thus filled and ready to do His will!

February 19.—The Lord is continuing to bless amongst the soldiers. One more has come home; there are now five saved ones brightly witnessing for Jesus in the fort. One of the recent ones has just expressed a desire to be baptised. I spoke, Sunday evening last, from the Brazen Serpent, and was greatly helped of the Lord. We visited another caravan last Saturday and gave away some gospels, the men at first being very reluctant to receive them; we also tried to speak a few words. The soldiers' work is very encouraging; many are anxious, but fear of their comrades is the great hindrance to their making a stand. We have also two Assamese Christians who understand English, and attend all our meetings.

February 28.—Four men of a body captured with a letter on them instructing them to disarm the British by treachery and take the fort; the mouse playing with the lion. The warm weather has set in, it is rather trying; has increased the fever very much amongst the troops already. The wet season commences about May; this is the dangerous time.

March 14.—Wednesday evening I spent an hour in a tea-shop in the Bazaar (Chinese) reading Testa-



ment and talking to Chinamen to see how I could manage. I had a dozen or more round me, and I managed, though feebly, to explain the Gospel and they said they understood me, but I certainly very little understood them. The Chinese here represent eight or nine different dialects ; however, I managed to make friends with them. The inn was a filthy place—dirt never troubles these people. It is getting intensely hot now, and the rains will soon be upon us. Last night we had a meeting of soldiers ; two were to leave us the next day. One, in testifying of his salvation, said it was through a sermon of Mr. Lambert's, in which I had stated that every time any one heard the Gospel and went away unsaved, they made themselves responsible for the rejection of the grace of God, and the oftener they heard it the greater the responsibility; he said he couldn't stay away from hearing it, so must give himself to Jesus. He is a bright Christian ; to God be the glory. One has just returned from a fighting column, been out four months after Dacoits. He testified to the keeping power of our Lord. Our orchard is now producing plentifully, bananas and popier ; this latter is a splendid fruit, in shape something like a melon, very delicious. I wish you could taste it. We shall soon have pine-apples and mangoes ready. It is too hot now to do much gardening.

April 17.—We have lost all our old soldier friends. The last two went last Wednesday to Mandalay. I have had letters from two of them, and they seem to be very happy in the Lord. Yesterday morning our servant, Tai, went for a stroll, and on returning thought he would take a short cut through the English fort. He was immediately surrounded by our Indian native soldiers and taken prisoner as a

Dacoit spy, I suppose. Four of them, with drawn bayonets, escorted him down the road about a mile to the guard-room close to our house. He shouted as he went by, and our teacher told me it was Tai, so I went at once and explained who he was to the Inspector, whom I knew, and he at once released him; but poor Tai had a terrible fright, and, I think, in future will give the military a wide berth. He is a good fellow. I saw, last week, a Burmese publicly whipped with bamboo canes for stealing from one of the steam-boats. The whipping post was brought down within sight of the boat, the man secured to it, spread-eagle fashion, and he then received fifteen severe cuts. The poor fellow must have felt the disgrace keenly as well as the pain; every stroke cuts. There are multitudes of little tiny sand-flies here, that almost drive one crazy, buzzing in the ear. They make a big noise, and only seem to go for the ear and the eye. You cannot conceive what a plague they are. They are no bigger than a pin's head, but they are giants in effect.

May 8.—It gives me great pleasure to tell you that now I can understand and make myself fairly well understood in the language, but yet am a long way from being able to preach; but this will come in good time.

May 27.—Sunday. At eleven o'clock we all went to service for the dedication of Mr. Roberts' new chapel. About 126 were present, including English, Chinese, and Kachin. The sermon was preached by a Kachin missionary. There are, I think, about 120 converts; thirteen were to be received into fellowship that day. What a seal of God's blessing on the work. Most had come in from the hills, and very picturesque they looked in their fantastic coloured dresses. At

5.30 we went to see the thirteen new candidates baptised, the accompanying procession of mixed people, about 200, in a long line, their gay colours brilliant in the glare of the sun. When we reached the river the bank was literally lined with natives to witness the ceremony, and truly it was an imposing and impressive sight, as each one of these precious souls, redeemed by Jesus' blood from heathen bondage and Satan's power, were buried beneath the waters of baptism setting forth death to sin and resurrection to life in Christ. They were greatly pleased with my violin, and, wishing to hear it alone, I interested them for half-an-hour playing hymns, and was the centre of an admiring crowd, or rather the violin was. They said they would like to hear it again. Three more soldiers have professedly come out for the Lord. One is an American. He tells us he went over from there to England in charge of some cattle, got in bad company, lost his money and enlisted. He showed me a letter from his father in which the father tells him he might have been an honoured man now in his native place if he had kept straight. However, he has come to himself now, and gave me a letter to read he was sending home, giving an account of his conversion. God bless the testimony! Another one, a fine, bright fellow, is a real north country Englishman. It is a treat to hear him pray as if his heart was in every word. We had a nice Bible reading. We are going through Ephesians.

May 24.—Last Sunday morning, after our Chinese service, a Rev. Thomas, Wesleyan missionary from Mandalay, called upon us; said he had come up to visit the soldiers, and could we put him up for a week. We arranged to do so, and a very happy time we

have had. I have much enjoyed his visit. We have been having meetings all the week. To-morrow, Sunday morning, he preaches at New Army Chapel, and then leaves for Mandalay. Sunday evening, I preached, and we had one of the largest congregations we have had; three of the civilians came for the second time. I took John iii. 3, Regeneration.

June 19.—From June 6 to 16 I have been nursing Mr. E. C. B., of whom I have spoken before; he has been delirious the whole time. I could manage him better than any one else, so have almost lived in the house with him; the last three days of his illness a Mr. W., friend of his, was with me. Poor Mr. B. died, Monday evening, passing peacefully away at nine o'clock without a struggle, and a half smile upon his face; but am grieved to say with no word or sign that he had found peace in believing. Mr. W. and I were with him to the last. He was buried the following day at 5 o'clock in the evening; I was asked to conduct the service, or read Church of England service for burial of the dead; he was buried with honours, nine guns were fired at intervals on our way to the grave, the Union Jack was over the coffin, on the top of which was his official sword and cocked hat. The coffin was borne by non-commissioned officers, followed by all the officers of the fort, with General P. at their head; the most prominent civilians also followed; thus ended this eventful day. I am glad to have had the privilege of attending him in his sickness, as he was very kind to us, and I for one shall miss him.

It is very encouraging to hear all are praying so much for me, and I am sure the Lord is answering your prayers. Last Sunday evening, in preaching the Gospel, I felt very manifestly the help and power of

the Lord ; never before have I realised so much liberty in speaking, except perhaps in that little room amongst the dear Billingham Saints ; we had one of our largest congregations, among them being three sergeants who had not been before. I preached the Gospel from Luke xix., Zacchæus, and I spoke to the Christians from 1 Cor. xvi. 13, expressing it as four qualities which should characterise a Christian soldier : watchfulness, steadfastness, manliness, strength ; and I know by the liberty I had, and the rapt attention that was given, that the Spirit was working in the hearts of some ; the two new-comers, sergeants, I know, were deeply impressed, and one private, after a little personal dealing, professed to give his heart to the Lord, and all said they received blessing and felt power in the meeting. In the after-meeting all were led out in prayer ; one or two are anxious to be baptised, and then to break bread. Are these the droppings of the shower ? To God be the glory. One dear fellow who is pressing hard for baptism quoted Matt. xxviii., and said "The Master says be baptised, and I must do what He says ; I mean to do all He tells me in His Word." He lies awake unable to sleep for thinking of Him ; there is no mistaking his earnestness, he is brimful of the love of God and thirst for the Word.

## CHAPTER IV.

### MEDICAL STUDIES AND MISSION WORK AT MANDALAY.

**I**N July, 1890, Mr. Lambert ceased working in connection with the C.I.M., and leaving Bhamo, he proceeded to Mandalay, visiting the Rev. Mr. Wynston, who introduced him to an English doctor; this gentleman offered him employment in his drug store at Mandalay, with an opportunity of acquiring medical knowledge. This offer he was led, of the Lord, to accept, and from this time he supported himself and carried on independent mission work.

September 24, 1890.—The doctor gives me the benefit of all his medical knowledge by instructing me how to treat cases; he is very kind. There are a good many Chinese here I can converse with. I am very grateful to Mr. Joseph Jordan for his loving letters, telling me of the interest and prayers of the saints in fellowship at Greenwich. How much I have to be thankful for: The Lord has been dropping handfuls of purpose for me all along the way. Praise Him for His goodness.

October 2. — Sunday afternoon and sometimes of an evening, I visit the Chinamen; they are very pleased to see me. Last Sunday some borrowed my Matthew's Gospel in Chinese; there are



several thousand Chinamen here, and no one labouring for their souls; there is a splendid field, and a wide open door for any one who will come. Because it is a Burmese country, the Chinaman is not thought of. I can read my Chinese Testament, so keep up my Chinese by taking my daily portion thus.

November 20.—Last night I commenced a meeting for the soldiers in my room; I have a large room,



INTERIOR OF DRUG STORE, MANDALAY.  
(*Mr. Lambert seated at desk.*)

and we had a good number down, three of whom were unsaved. We had a good time on Acts ix. (Paul's conversion), and I am sure there was blessing; we had a real good prayer-meeting and some hearty singing. We shall try and make this a sort of association for the exercise of spiritual gifts; this is what they need, I am sure, and they enjoy it much better than a formal meeting. I thoroughly enjoyed the



meeting, and I think we shall have some rich times of blessing. Last Sunday evening I took the meeting for soldiers in the fort ; Mr. Wynston is away. Rev. Kelly asked me to preach in the New Judson Memorial Chapel, but I could not ; perhaps I may have the privilege some future time. I want to get a few illuminated wall texts to put up in my room, one or two "coming again" texts. I can meet with no one here, not even missionaries, who believe in the near return of our Lord, only to come in judgment ; none look for a separate coming to meet His blood-bought Bride, and they say they do not see any advantage in the possession of this glorious truth.

The soldiers' work is going on well ; we have some fine Christians among the new arrivals. I want to get a place where we can have meetings for Europeans apart from any denominations ; I think it would be a splendid thing ; it is much needed, and would give me greater scope for active work. The doctor falls in with it, and I think the Lord would approve ; will you pray about it ; it is extremely difficult to launch out here in Christian work. Last mail I received another very kind and loving letter from Mr. Jordan. I keep in good health ; the doctor says it is because I take such great care of my constitution by abstinence from smoking, drinking, etc. People at home would be astounded at some of the revelations of European life out here, and many hearts would ache and almost wish their sons were dead. Ah, the only place of security and protection is in the Lord.

December.—Mandalay is a large square town situated at the foot of beautiful hills on either side, in front of us the great river Irrawaddy. The country for miles round now is perfectly flat, owing to the

energy and desire for comfort of our countrymen, laid out with splendid metalled roads stretching away to the hills. In the centre is Theebaw's city (now the cantonment of our troops), where he reigned with all his subjects around at his mercy. The palace is a large straggling building nearly all of wood, beautifully carved and ornamented with pagoda-shaped turrets inlaid in mosaic style with coloured looking glass. In its old days with the sun shining on it, or when lighted, it would have presented a very dazzling appearance. The interior now is all converted into government offices, but there are many traces of its gorgeous past in the chandeliers, golden pillars, carved images, etc. The gardens are very fine, and there is a good-sized lake. The inhabitants number now about 120,000 of mixed nationalities. When one goes on the hills, the eye rests everywhere upon pagodas and idol temples innumerable. It is very interesting to visit these places at night when they are brilliantly lighted by hundreds of little candle lamps; worshippers throng the place, streaming in and out of the gates—men, women, and children. They kneel forty or fifty or more at a time in front of a massive brass image of Buddha of enormous size, repeating incantations, their hands placed together and held out in beseeching style to the image. Some of the poor women's faces look deeply in earnest, all are devout; the most deplorably destitute bring their offerings of fruit, rice, or money. Scattered at the larger temples are lepers in all stages of disease, heart-rending sights. The Burmese are fast bound by idolatry and superstition, and very small apparent success has resulted from missionary effort among them. They are satisfied with Buddha and their pagodas, and it is most difficult to arouse an interest

in their minds for even the Gospel. But the Karens, on the contrary, who were a people formerly oppressed by the Burmans, seem a people prepared for the Lord, and have received the message gladly, coming to Christ in large numbers, and they make splendid Christians and preachers. Now about the shops: the few European establishments and some of the better class native merchant stores are fine, useful, presentable buildings. The Bazaar covers a large area; it is composed of dirty, cramped, little stalls, rented at from a halfpenny to about threepence a-day, owned by a rich Israelite. All kinds of marketable commodities can be procured here, fruit, meat, poultry, grain, flowers, jewellery, good and worthless, silk and satin in gay eastern colours, stores of all kinds. It is a horribly dirty place, filled with women beggars and coolies to carry one's purchases. This is where our boys daily get our food supply. I give my boy one rupee (1s. 6d. per day), just for meat and vegetables; then I have to buy sugar, tea, milk, butter, firing, oil, and any extras, and yet my boy tries to get more out of me, and this is how he does it. He will provide a fairly good breakfast at 12 o'clock, but at 8.30, when I have dinner now, he will get next to nothing, and this is either when one is specially hungry, or when one has asked a friend to dine; and when questioned, he says, "Master no give enough money, sir; bazaar no get cheap," when, as a matter of fact, he can make about four annas a-day out of me, and wants to make more. When scolded they say, "Me Christian, sar." Every day there are funeral or idol processions. On Tuesday, a gigantic idol of solid brass on a large square platform, on which was erected as a covering for his idolship the indispensable pagoda; the platform was placed on four huge wheels, and six yoke of,

or twelve oxen were harnessed to it to pull it. Two graven images of priests in a devotional attitude were placed in front of the image in the act of worshipping it. Attached to each corner of the platform was a young green palm tree, and following was a crowd of enthusiastic devotees constantly showering rice over the image. Then came four or five smaller idols on carts drawn by four oxen. All these were being taken down to the shore to be sent out by boats to outlying districts. This is paying craft. No wonder Demetrius was shocked at the probable fate awaiting Diana when Paul and his companions preached a living saving Christ to those who had known no other gods but lumps of mud, and blocks of wood, and stone, and brass. We need some Pauls in Burmah, those determined to know nothing but Christ, preach nothing but Christ, and live only for Christ; no other power will penetrate the thick veil of darkness covering the minds and hearts of this people. I do not, and cannot believe in the idea which seems to prevail among missionaries that the Gospel must be supplemented by education before these people can be brought to Christ. The only supplement the Gospel needs is a Gospel life from those who preach it; God help us to live it. We have had a season of refreshing and much blessing from the visit of two Salvation Army lassies. They have had meetings every night but two for ten days. I was quite taken aback when I heard how beautifully these sisters expounded the Word, and how simply, clearly, and forcibly they told the wondrous tale of Jesus' love. They were always listened to with rapt attention, and none could help being impressed by their intense earnestness. The testimony of all is they have done us good, and more precious than all, souls were saved. I had the

privilege of helping in their work. Strangers in a strange land, they collected here I think some 350 rupees in support of their work, which I thought marvellous for Mandalay, and in Rangoon 600 rupees.

## CHAPTER V.

### WORK AMONG THE LEPERS AND SOLDIERS AT MANDALAY.

JANUARY, 1891.—You would be surprised at the way the women work here. In repairing the roads the flints are laid in heaps at the side, and they are scattered on the roads from small baskets. One woman places the basket between her feet and rakes the stones into it; then she helps another woman place it on her head, and she goes and throws them on the road. It seems very hard work and a very tedious operation, but they do it very quickly, and for this, working from seven in the morning till five in the evening, they get four annas or fourpence per day, not hour. What would our British workmen say to this?

March 5.—Since last writing you I have been seriously ill with bilious fever, so that last week was compelled to miss the mail entirely. Praise the Lord I am now all right again but rather weak. One is taught by these battles how frail a thing is this body of ours, and how precious a boon is God's gift of health. And yet how men trifle with these things, quite forgetting the body contains the immortal soul. So many young men are living out here who are completely wrecked by indulgence in



sin, who might be leading happy, prosperous and useful lives. And many die as they have lived, moral wrecks carried off by perhaps a slight illness, that would under ordinary circumstances have been of no serious moment. I have received another very kind letter from Mr. Jordan. How very good the Lord is to me to give me so many kind loving friends. We had no soldiers at the meeting last night, and I hear the reason was they were not allowed out because a plot had been arranged to cut the throats of all the Europeans in Mandalay and to set fire to the place, in consequence of which mounted soldiers were patrolling the streets all night. However, nothing came of this diabolical conspiracy, but things must be in a very unsettled condition, and of course an outbreak might occur. Thank God we are in good hands, for He that keepeth Israel neither slumbereth nor sleepeth. We are safe from all danger while under His wing; we will trust and not be afraid. A lot of Burmese are waiting for their king to come back again. I am thinking it is a vain hope. Praise God we know that our King will come and reign and bring His redeemed with Him. The Chinamen are getting hold of my name now, and hearing that I speak Chinese many come to see me and ask for Misser Lamer. Most of them who come in are Moham-medan Chinese, generally well-to-do merchant traders. They are fine big men. There are plenty of the money-loving enterprising Chinamen in the Bazaar, and when I can I take my Chinese Testament and read to them or ask them to read to me.

March 19.—Last night I visited for the first time the Leper Home with Mr. Bestall, who is superintendent. It has scarcely been opened a month, and he



already has twenty inmates. This is very good work, as it is most difficult to persuade these people to leave their wretched hole they call home and go with a foreigner; but they very quickly find the change is beneficial—to be looked after, and cared for, and fed—and they are very pleased and happy. They speak of Mr. Bestall as the great master, the great lord of mercy. Of course it is their extravagant mode of address, but it is an abundant reward to see their thankfulness. It costs six rupees per month to feed, clothe and tend one leper. They are truly pitiable pictures of human misery; one must see them to form any idea of their dreadful condition. The large Bazaar here is full of them. At every turn there are several stretching their fingerless hands, in many cases only arms, and crying, “A pice, lord, for pity’s sake. One pice, O lord, in mercy give.” In the Home they are brought beneath the saving power of the Gospel continually, hearing the old, old story of Him who died for leprous sinners. Surely His love will touch many hearts and we shall meet them among the purified and glorified ones in Heaven.

April 9.—Last Thursday we got up a tea-meeting in the Wesleyan soldiers’ prayer-room as an inducement for men to come and spend a profitable evening. After tea for two hours we had Gospel addresses interspersed with hymns as solos and quartettes. I gave an address, and played the organ. We had a very blessed and happy time, and I am sure the Lord blessed this meeting. We purpose having a meeting like this once a-month, and I believe it will be the means of blessing to all and salvation to many. The dear Lord has given me much liberty in speaking for Him latterly, so different from what it used to be. But oh! how little I seem able to do for Him. Opium



LEPERS.



and drink are doing their deadly work, and every day it seems increased facilities are being granted by Government for the obtaining of drink. And these black fellows will do anything to obtain it, having acquired the taste, and degradation and misery overtakes them far quicker than it does a European. Saturday evening I conducted a meeting for soldiers, and there are several who seem manifesting an interest in spiritual things: many have given up smoking as part of the old man. Monday evening I went to take the Bible reading for Mr. Bestall, but there was no oil in the lamps and all the lights went out, so we had a prayer-meeting in the dark, praying that we might not get into this condition, but that our vessels might always be full and our light bright, so that when the Master calls we may be ready to go and meet Him. Troops keep going away from here to reinforce the Manipur Expedition. Just now the country seems rather disturbed, and things are unsettled; and every day prisoners, shackled and manacled, are being escorted through the streets. One cannot help pitying them, they look so wretched, and weary, and dirty. Their manacled legs only permit of their taking very short steps, and they seem almost ready to drop. They have to walk miles like this in the broiling sun and dusty roads.

June 17.—The Lord helped me wonderfully in the services that I asked you to pray about. Rev. Kelly, the Baptist minister, came down the other day to thank me, saying all enjoyed the services very much. I have received a nice long letter from dear Mr. Stratt, in which he assured me of their continued interest and prayers. I often wish there was a Y.M.C.A. here; how well I remember my four happy years at Hastings. It was very good of Mr. Jordan to read

my letter at a missionary meeting, and it is precious to know so much interest is shown in me, and so much prayer is being offered up for the poor lepers ; they are happy now, but it is not easy to lead them to Jesus. When I was there the other day, one poor old blind leper was counting a string of beads, and repeating a prayer to Buddha. The keeper told me he had been doing it all day ; he had a very pathetic-looking face, and seemed so patient and earnest in his occupation. I thought how happy he would be if he knew Jesus and could talk to Him. The doctor has been telling me he has been speaking to a lady this morning, one of our patients, who, during the recent disturbances, has been turned out of house and home. Their place was surrounded by Dacoits and set fire to. She managed to escape with her children, with no clothes but what she had on, and no shoes. She had to flee across paddy (rice) fields for four miles ; the men had three crucifixes prepared, upon which they would have killed them had she not escaped (after disembowelling them they hang up their victims on these crosses). Everything they had was destroyed ; she has come to Mandalay to stay for a time. Last Sunday evening I conducted the service at the Wesleyan Chapel. We had a crowded meeting, and in the morning I conducted the service for the Baptists in the Judson's Memorial Chapel. It is a splendid building, and I felt it a great privilege to be asked to do this, although it came on me rather unexpectedly. Mr. Kelly came in on Thursday and said he was called away, and would I take it. I felt tempted to decline, as two services seemed too much for me. However, it was from the Lord, and I knew He would be my sufficiency ; and He was, He brought me through. The services were enjoyed, and



I trust there will be blessing on His Word, that in the weakness of the instrument His strength was perfected. The Lord is stirring us up to seek for greater blessing by prayer and more earnest effort. It is so easy to get into a condition of apathy, and this is how the devil likes to keep us. How often the Lord has to come and prod us up, but we don't always like the prodding, do we ?

Mr. Joseph Jordan's letters have been a very great comfort and help to me. Will you please specially thank him for them, and for his prayers, which I much need and value.

October 22.—There are fifty-three lepers in the Home now. One old man, who says he is 106, quite blind. They seem happy and contented. The other night I went up and the place was quite brilliantly illuminated with coloured lanterns, made by themselves, very ingeniously ; this was one of their heathen festivals. They were beating tin cans, clapping bamboo sticks like castanets, others clapping their hands and shouting and singing at the top of their voices. This is to frighten away the devils. Is it not sad to think of their being in this condition of corruption and darkness ? surely they need our prayers. For two Sundays I occupied the Wesleyan pulpit. The attendance was very good and I realised much the help of the Lord. I find it difficult to overcome my nervousness in preaching, but the Lord gave me much liberty and delivered me from fear of man. The first Sunday I took for my subject the Rich Young Ruler, who threw away eternal life for worldly dross, applying the lesson to the thousands who are doing just the same, selling their soul's salvation for the devil's glittering baubles, and no sooner do his victims grasp them than they discover



what a terrible fraud it is; and generally when it is too late, the bargain has been struck, and they are unable to escape the consequences. How many there are who have been very near to Jesus and yet have made this awful decision. I want Christ, I want to be *saved*, *but*—and this one thing has shut out Christ, perhaps for ever. The next Sunday I took for my text the Master's word in John vii., "If any man thirst," etc. Men going here, going there, going everywhere, restless, fretting, anxious, finding nothing satisfying. While all the while rest, joy, peace, life is in their grasp, for Jesus still stands and cries to all who thirst, all who are weary, and hungry, and sad and sinful, "Come unto Me." Yes, thank God, He lives and saves, and keeps, even here, in dark Mandalay, where Satan's power is so strong. Many of the King's heralds are now proclaiming in this priest-ridden land, the gracious invitation of Him who breaks the power of sin and sets the prisoner free. I trust God will bless His own Word; although we do not see the fruit always, yet we know our labour is not in vain in the Lord. Go, labour on, spend and be spent, our joy to do the Master's will, our reward to hear Him say, Well done, faithful one. The reward is for faithfulness, not for tabulated results; these show well on paper, but the Master does not ask for them. He says, Be *thou* faithful unto death, and then the crown, the glory when He comes to take us to Himself. He is faithful, though all else be false, and all He has promised He will do. Let us be loyal, trustful and obedient to Him, who has done, is doing, will do, so much for us. I do pray the Lord will answer dear Dr. M'Killiam's prayer for me, that I may be so filled with the Spirit, that God may use me mightily here for His glory, and I also pray it may be ever

increasingly so with him and all his helpers in the work for Jesus ; and then the longed for showers will be sure to come ; but all must be yielded, all must be brought unto the storehouse gladly. There it is, Master, all I have is Thine, use that and thy servant as Thou wilt, and then the blessing will come, not in drops, or showers, but floods. The great need calls for constant increasing prayer. Brethren, pray for us.

November.—Mr. Kelly has asked me if I could spare an evening to teach his Burmese school lads singing. I told him I was willing to do anything I could to help in the Lord's work. Teaching them to sing the Lord's songs will be one way of preaching to them the Gospel. Pray that the Lord will bless me in this, if He call me to the work.

## CHAPTER VI.

### MANDALAY, 1892—A YEAR'S RECORD OF USEFUL SERVICE.

JANUARY, 1892.—The battle against sin in Burmah is fought against tremendous odds; everywhere the enemy seems impregnable on all sides, but, "Fear not, for I am with thee to help thee and fight for thee," removes all doubt about the final issue of the conflict, so we dare not falter; defeat and impossibility are not in the Divine dictionary. Only believe, and the walls of Jericho will fall, and the sons of Anak become pigmies. I wonder how much our unbelief is retarding the work of Christ; where this exists the power of God seems withholden. It seems appalling to think that we, His children, are by this sin staying the Lord's hand. I feel it much myself. I have been very busy, as Mr. Bestall is again away, and the meetings have devolved on me. Last Sunday evening I had a good time preaching from Romans ix.—mistaken zeal and self-righteousness, and the Lord blessed the Word to two commissariat sergeants, not to their conversion but conviction. Before, they were bitter opponents to the Gospel, now they are resolved always to attend the services. Monday and Tuesday I had Bible readings. Next Sunday I preach again. Pray for me; I need it much.

February 18.—I am very sorry I have not mailed for two weeks, but have been somewhat hard pressed, and get so tired that the exertion of writing seems almost too much. It is difficult to describe the feeling of intense weariness one gets out here. It has to be fought against persistently. I have been in demand lately with my violin. The Baptist Mission gave a sort of recital by their Burmese scholars. They sang the hymns I had the privilege of teaching them, and they gave some recitation in English very well. I played my violin with Mrs. P., and the crowds of Burmese, who had never heard it before, simply thundered their appreciation, and I sang a hymn in Sacred Songs and Solos, "Sitting alone with life's memories." A beautiful thing, I think. I am to play next Monday for the Rev. C., Town Chaplain. It is very plodding work among the soldiers just now, and we are waiting on the Lord for an outpouring of blessing on His work.

March 10.—We are plodding on in the work, but we are longing to see more definite results. The way is not smooth and easy. I find many rough places, and oftentimes get faint and weary; yet I always find that at these times I get much nearer to the Lord. It is then we feel our need of the Rest-giver, and waiting on Him get new strength.

April.—"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." How little we know the extent of these deliverances. Oftentimes should we have fallen into sin but that He knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation, but we must not forget the promise is to those who fear Him, the fear that is born of love, lest we hurt or grieve the One who loves us. I had a treat the other evening. Got away from business at 4.30

(my business hours are from seven in the morning until six in the evening), and Dr. Stewart, Mr. Bestall and I rode to a village called Amarapoora, a few miles out, where Mr. Bestall is about to establish a mission station. I enjoyed it very much. It is a pretty place, exceedingly primitive, and where Dr. Judson, the first missionary, was imprisoned and suffered so much for the Gospel's sake. We are having heavy rains and storms now, which is most remarkable for Mandalay, and this keeps the weather fairly cool.

May.—What can bring such comfort to our hearts as the thought that the Lord is with us always, and that every step we take is bringing us nearer to the time when we shall be with Him and see Him and be like Him and never, never go out from His presence? If we want to hate evil, to be separated from the world, to be kept from pride and selfishness, it can only be by knowing Him who pleased not Himself. If we assiduously cultivate His society, and walk, talk, and live with Jesus, the world will lose its charms, sin will lose its power, self will not be seen or heard, and men seeing us will take knowledge of us that we have been with Him, and will want to know Him too. Let us pray for this. Oh! how we long to see the power of God working with us in the salvation of souls everywhere. The deep need of this is felt, and earnest prayers are ascending for a revival in the Lord's work. I am thinking of starting Gospel mission services in the lower part of my house next month. The need is very great, but the difficulties in the shape of opposition and indifference are numerous. This will, of course, be quite undenominational work. I trust that some may be led to unite in fellowship at the Lord's Table each Lord's

Day. Please put in a very special request for the Lord's blessing and help on this venture. It is good to know we are remembered by His servants at the Throne of Grace. We shall pray specially for you also at the Alexandria Hall. What a good thing it is to have a Saviour out here where the devil is so strong. He has marvellously kept me, and I can be a witness that He can and will save from *all* sin. His love is more than tongue can tell.

June.—My prayer for you and each of us is that, as the years roll by and bring us nearer to Him, we may get more like Him. Let Jesus Himself be more and more our constant companion, and what concerns Him and His glory become more and more the subject of our thoughts and the goal of our efforts. His service will be sweet to us in proportion to our knowledge of and love to Himself; let us talk much to Him and about Him, let us walk much with Him, and let us live only for Him. I have been in Mandalay just two years now, and they have been full of His mercies. Truly the Everlasting Arms have been around me. It is good to have the Lord for a shield.

July.—The weather has been very trying, and there have been many deaths; two young officers recently out from England have died during the last two weeks, and many soldiers are sick. We have not yet opened my room, but hope to have it ready by next week. I was asking and looking for some indication that the Lord's hand was with us, when some one gave me ten rupees for first month's rent, and I got five from another source, and I trust I may soon be able to tell of something done.

August.—I so long that every corner of my heart, and every part of my being shall be filled and



possessed by Him ; that there should be no " I " left, but all Christ. When in His service we attempt to walk upon the waters of faith, and difficulties and opposition arise ; we can understand what made Peter tremble and sink ; the *I* was not lost in Christ, and self overweighted him. When we look down, or in, or around, we are overcome. When we can keep the eye fixed upward, looking unto Jesus, we are overcomers, and like the fearless swimmer, instead of sinking beneath the waves, we shall ride exultingly on top of them. Oh, for the faith that will not shrink at any earthly foe. Our little room is now in full swing, we have had several meetings, good, not for numbers, but for blessings received. We are now purchasing an organ ; we have two punkahs, plenty of chairs, but not quite enough lamps yet ; they are coming however. One of the S.P.G. priests said, " There's that fellow Lambert running a show now, an irresponsible man like him." Ah, he forgets and knows not that we feel our responsibility to a far higher Authority than that which bestows upon them their license, and regardless of spiritual fitness makes them spiritual teachers. We want and care for no other authority than His commands to preach the Gospel to every creature, and this we must obey. I am sorry to say we are to have another change of regiments ; there are one or two excellent Christian workers whose help I have found really valuable, and who were heart and soul in mission work. I shall miss them keenly, and as the next is to be an Irish regiment, nearly all will be Catholics ; however, the Lord will raise up some to help me.

The other night I went to see the Mohammedan Festival, " running through fire." A trench is dug about twenty or thirty feet long, and this is filled with

charcoal ; this is fired by means of oil, and when it is all in a red-hot glowing condition with no flame it is ready. We sat from eleven o'clock at night till one in the morning waiting for this. In the temple adjoining, a service was being held. When the fire was ready, seven little boys, the "fire runners," went into the temple among the worshippers ; then they commenced shouting, singing, stamping, until they had worked themselves into a pitch of frenzy ; then suddenly all rushed out of the temple into the compound, the fire-boys racing round, and with their bare feet leaped on to the fire. They were able to cover it in about six steps ; they ran round the compound and through the fire, I think, four times. Mohammed is supposed to keep it from burning them ; it is, of course, real fire, red hot embers. I did not see the boys afterwards ; they celebrate this every year. It is very difficult, I should think, to impress Mohammedans with the Gospel ; they believe that Mohammed is coming again, as we look for Jesus, and that he is to conquer the world. I often have a chat with one who speaks English, and he laughs at Jesus being the Son of God.

September.—I never thought I should have stood a hot climate so well. I really seem to enjoy very good health, but I do not think I allow myself enough sleep. I am seldom more than six and a-half hours in bed, and the general opinion is, one should have eight hours here ; but if I did not sit up a little time at night, I should have hardly any time to myself, and I feel I need to be receiving more plentifully from the Lord, feeding more upon His Word, to be able to feed the souls of others, because if we give what comes not from Him, it is like giving a hungry man stone. What a marvellous history is that of Dr. Robert Paton's work in the New Hebrides ; never

do I remember being so fascinated by a book ; it simply sets one on fire to know what trust in God did for him ; a gentleman here who knew him personally, lent me his Autobiography. Our work in the Mission is not making much progress, but we believe the Lord is with us, and soon we shall see the signs of His working among us in the salvation of sinners. We have had them already in blessing to our own souls, because there is full spiritual liberty in our meetings.

November.—The mosquitoes are so numerous, and so ravenous after the recent heavy rains, that it is with extreme difficulty one writes or reads at all ; they are fearfully trying to one's temper. Patience and endurance are two of the virtues they essay to teach, providing one is teachable. A gentleman, a commissioner out here, who has just within the last few months taken to the violin, has requested me to keep him in practice and help him ; he comes nearly every night at 9.30, and stays till 11 o'clock, so you see I am hard at it now. Satan has not much chance with me on the score of idleness. It is only for a month ; he will make me a present, and I can do with it. I am not in any way extravagant, and yet I find it hard to make ends meet at the present low rate of exchange.

There is not much progress at the mission-room. Great pressure is brought to bear to hinder the work. I told one of the apostles' successors that I thought he was doing the devil's work, because he reprimanded a soldier for his presuming to attend our meetings ; he was highly incensed. We may have the purple and fine linen, the scarlet and gold, the mitre and the cross, the candles and the flowers, the fastings and crossings, and bowing and prayers, but the work of Christ, the blood of the spotless Sin-bearer alone can

produce a spotless robe, and without this none shall sit at the Marriage Feast of the Lamb. What an awful awakening awaits such blind leaders of the blind, the retribution is dreadful to contemplate. We keep the room open, and meet there for prayer and praise ; we believe the Lord will yet bless the work in saving souls. Oh, that men knew their danger, and felt their need of Christ.

December.—God has graciously given us an earnest of the blessings we have been praying and longing for. Two dear soldiers, after much struggling and long resistance, have surrendered and yielded themselves to Jesus ; they are fully trusting ; please pray that they may be bright shining lights for Jesus, such are needed so much here. They gave their testimony in our little room last night simply and clearly, and we are greatly cheered, and praise our good God, giving Him all the glory ; we had a very happy time. The Baptist missionary is going into the district, so shall be preaching for him on Sunday ; may the Lord give me a suitable word.

I hear from Selkirk with much regret of the death of Bro. Macoun at Shanghai, one of our party to China ; his loss will be felt, but it is grand to go into His presence in full harness. To have this, no higher bliss I ask. My earthly course when run, to meet in Heaven the Master's smile. And hear Him say, "Well done," C. W. L. May God grant us this ; let us labour for it.

## CHAPTER VII.

MANDALAY, 1893—SOWING BESIDE ALL WATERS.

NOW for my first letter of the New Year. I trust that we have all entered upon it with our faith more than ever resting on Him, who has brought us safely through the year that is past. He is the same, and He will be with us throughout these coming days. What they have in store for us of trial, suffering and blessing is all known to Him, and in Him there will be an unfailing supply of grace for all our need. That which concerns you and me is to follow and serve Him faithfully, and He will look after all the rest. I have joined the Mounted Rifle Volunteers of Upper Burmah, my chief reason being to get exercise; and this I have had and it has pulled me round marvelously; every one says I look better. The poor old lepers have been passing away. One old woman, a more hideous spectacle you could not imagine, what she must have suffered God only knows. I saw her just before she died, and it was a fearful sight. Before she passed away she said, "I have no mother, no father, no friends, no home, but Jesus will take me," and surely He did. And there are the other poor victims lying all around, knowing that perhaps very soon they must follow. Is it not sad to drag out

such a pitiful existence as this? Yet they laugh and chaff, and smoke their cheroots, and enjoy their rice. Pray for the lepers! How often we shrink from taking a plunge into the depths of God's faithfulness, from motives of worldly policy, refraining from taking a bold stand for God. I myself am very prone to backwarding in this respect. Peter I think never made a mistake in being too bold, only in being hasty. When that boldness was consecrated and yielded to the Holy Ghost it became a mighty power in God's service. It is this consecrated courage and daring we need. We need it here very much, and one or two of us are led to pray earnestly for it. Brother Currie and myself have been stirred up very much to pray about this, and we will not let Him go until He bless us. Please ask the Lord's people to unite with us in prayer for a revival in Mandalay.

February.—Last Sunday all the male missionaries were out of the district and I was asked by both Wesleyans and Baptists to preach for them, so we had a united service at Wesleyan Chapel. I preached from the love of God in Ephesians iii.—its dimensions and the filling with the fulness of God, endeavouring to prove how much more blessed this was than trying to fill the heart with what only made its emptiness more keenly felt, viz.—the world. Only God who made it for Himself can fill it, and He won't unless we let Him. I felt more of the power of the Spirit and the presence of the Lord and less of self than I think I have ever experienced, and I firmly believe His word spoken then will not return unto Him void. There was great attention, and we had a good prayer-meeting afterwards. To God be all the glory. With regard to the Mission Hall, I can



only say we are going on and making all the effort we can. But it is slow work, there is hardly any response, no spiritual pulse at all ; a revival is what we need and for this we must pray and work. Thanks very much for contribution, also for the books ; they will be a great help to me in the Lord's work. I study a little Greek, Chinese, and Logic ; this has helped my thinking powers greatly. The Rev. C., English Chaplain here, is lying seriously ill. A day or two ago Mrs. C. asked me to help bring him downstairs to another room. I took him in my arms like a child, and carried him down myself. It was scarcely any exertion to me. He is a nice fellow, I like him much. He too is fond of me, although we so widely differ in spiritual things.

March.—Two or three of the Lord's people here have lately been awakened on the subject of the Lord's return for His Church, and we have arranged to spend one evening a week in searching the Scriptures on this subject. This is encouraging to me, as the Blessed Hope seemed quite lost sight of here, and I myself had almost lapsed into silence on this (to the Christian) vitally important topic. How infinitely richer and more joyous it makes the spiritual life of the one who is rejoicing in this Blessed Hope. Surely it is a great step in the higher life. When this truth is grasped and enjoyed, it brings the blessing of holiness with it, because it is a purifying hope, making us pure as He is pure. Now the light of this Blessed Hope has dawned here, Mandalay, the Golden City (a few short years ago buried in heathen darkness) will have a company of the redeemed waiting and watching for the Morning Star. In three months' time will be my tenth spiritual birthday anniversary of the second Sunday in June, 1883, when in the Alexandria

Hall I was saved by the grace of God, cleansed in the blood of Jesus, accepted in Christ the beloved, sealed by the Spirit. Never once have I doubted my security in Christ as an heir of eternal salvation, and now, through the mercy of God, I am able to say, "I know in whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep unto the end what I have committed unto Him." The way has seemed rough and difficult at times, and the fight has been hot, but praise God the shout is victory; we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us, and now my one supreme desire is to live, love, and labour for Jesus.

April.—Sometimes I fear when I am in a hurry my writing is not very legible, although I am considered a fairly good writer for left hand. It astonishes the natives, they do not understand that it is from necessity and not from choice I thus transgress the laws of propriety. My services as nurse have again been in requisition; one of the A. B. missionaries who had already one paralysed hand, last Sunday week by the bursting of a soda-water bottle disabled the other hand. The doctor came down for me to go up at once with him and give him chloroform. I was scarcely prepared for such an awful gash right across wrist, severing tendon, arteries, and veins, not injuring bones. I gave the chloroform, he went off, and doctor tied up arteries and veins and sewed up the wounds, and in about one and a-half hours all was over, he came to, and we put him to bed. I stayed with him all night with my hand upon his poor arm. He said I had a beautiful hand; it was magnetic, and soothed and relieved him wonderfully. He was very bad for several days but now is going on all right, and may perhaps get the full use of his hand. It was very pitiful to see him look at both his helpless hands and

say, "I wonder why the Lord has done this." One would have thought it was quite enough to lose the use of one hand, and then he would cry and say, "Well I have a proud spirit and the Lord must break it." But the prospects are brighter now, and he is very cheerful. He lost his wife three months after marriage. The Lord is taking him through deep waters, but He has promised they shall not overflow. "Lo, I am with you always."

May.—I have some grand news for you of the Lord's dealings with us here. You know how, in July of last year, we started our little mission work in my house. We had long burned with a desire to do something for the Lord here. We felt the need was very great, and there was ample room, and I believed a work untrammelled by denominational prejudices would be owned and blessed by God. So in faith we launched our little barque upon the deep boundless sea of God's promises. We were sanguine and expected great things, but God had a testing for us; our faith needed strengthening. Night after night, week after week, month after month, for nine months a few of us met in God's name and cheered one another with His promises; waiting upon Him earnestly in prayer, believing, hoping, working, trusting. We were beginning to think as many of the Christians said, nothing would come of it in a town so wicked and indifferent as Mandalay, but we believed, in spite of all, God would hear our prayers and that the work was His, so we went on. This is how the answer came in copious showers of blessing and refreshing. About six weeks ago I received a note from Rangoon, asking me to find quarters for two Salvation Army lassies on their way to Mandalay. This, though a difficult task, I gladly undertook, and

succeeded at some little expense. On their arrival I at once placed the mission room at their disposal for work. As this ensured them perfect liberty, they were delighted, and we started a mission, April 16, Sunday evening. It commenced with success. These sisters were able, loving, and full of zeal. Every night the room was crowded, and natives thronging the doors. A virgin experience in religious work for Mandalay. Singing, praying, testimonies, reading the Word, short addresses, and urgent appeals comprised the methods. God owned the work, several souls were saved, and, what is most important, Christians were thoroughly awakened and revived in strength and faith. Since the departure of these sisters at the end of April, the Lord has enabled me to conduct a mission in the hall. We have carried it on every night, and interest is still as fresh as ever. I am so inclined to be hindered by thinking what I can and cannot do *myself*, and was staggered at the thought of attempting any great thing for the Lord, because I saw only my *littleness*, and lost sight of *His greatness*, and now He seems to have thrown me into this work to show me not what I *can* do, thank God (I have learnt that is nothing), but what *He* can do with an uncommonly poor instrument when willing and ready to show forth His glory and His alone. When all that would exalt the flesh is crucified and buried, He will use us and not before. Last night we had a specially good time—the power of the Lord was with us of a truth; there are those who scoff and jeer at Divine things, and yet night after night they come to listen to God's message. We are looking to God to break the strong hearts and subdue the stubborn wills of these sin-enslaved ones, and He will. What heart can long resist the hammer of His words, quick,

powerful, sharp, when wielded by the Spirit? May the Lord make us experts in the use of this Divine mighty weapon, and Satan's stronghold will fall and his followers capitulate; it will be so, it must be so, it shall be so, for God's Word declares it. Only believe and fear not. Of course this has called down a great deal of opposition, but I feel the work is of God, and He would have us go on. The doctor took me to task about it. He said, "Look here, Lambert, you can't go on like this; what shall I do if you break down? You are doing any average missionary's work in addition to your work in the business, and no man can stand it." I said I must serve God. He has called me to the work, I said. Paul was enabled to work for his living while he preached the Gospel, and God will do as much for me. "Well," he said, "I tell you, as a medical man, you can't stand it." But, as a matter of fact, I have been better since doing this. When it is God's work He gives the strength for it, because we have meat to eat the world knows not of. A week ago some soldiers (brethren) came to me asking for baptism, and I gave an address on the subject that evening, and asked believers who desired to obey the Lord in this to rise; about nine rose, some wanted believer's baptism only. I thought it best to refer the matter to the A. B. missionary, and he said the principles of his Church precluded him from administering baptism except it was to receive them into their Church. So I felt I might have this privilege, believing that I could not displease God thereby. As soon as it was known a great outcry arose, and a minister, with whom I have had much happy fellowship in the past, came down and censured me severely for such action, saying I subverted his teaching, and it was not necessary to



teach these things, which were not essentials ; they should be dropped for the sake of unity out here. I replied I must teach God's truth, I believed I was doing God's will, with a pure desire to please Him only, and I must go on. I must consider His truth first and what man thought of me afterwards, and that any unity at the expense of truth would not be God's unity. Last Saturday afternoon, a lovely day, we went down to the Irrawaddy. (Miss Fay, A. B. missionary, two Burmese Christian girls, a lady whom I have had the joy of leading to Christ, some Christian soldiers, and the three candidates for baptism.) We sang a hymn, prayed, then I read and gave a short address, and went into the water and had the great joy of baptising these three brothers into Christ's death. May their walk henceforth be in newness of life. It was a solemn, blessed, and to me, memorable time. There were a host of natives on the steamers, spectators, and I expect they wondered what it all meant. How we wished we could enlighten them. The Lord is greatly blessing us in every way. Success always rouses the devil, and he has tried his hardest to stop this work, but God seems to say, "Go forward," and in His name we will. It is hard to forfeit the good esteem of Christian men, but what else can we do under these circumstances? Everything clearly indicates that the Lord is with us, and is leading us on ; then we must follow. I feel in my own heart I have only done God's will and would have to act the same again under similar circumstances, and there is not the least estrangement on my part from any of the Lord's children. I can only say I love all the brethren. As you have helped us by your prayers and thus share in the blessing, please rejoice with us and praise God for all His goodness,



and pray for a continuance of His favours and that we may be guided aright in all we do by the Holy Spirit, ruled ever by a desire to glorify God. Surely I come quickly. "Even so, come Lord Jesus ;" we long for Thy return that we may see Thee and be like Thee.

August 15.—"To them that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me on My throne. And they overcame by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony." This is not the time for silent witnessing for Jesus. Thousands of voices from the kingdom of darkness are proclaiming aloud their hellish doctrines, trying to smother the voice of the Spirit of God, and by the blood and the word we are to conquer. The Lord is still blessing our mission work ; on Sundays we get the room full. I always preach then, and conduct three or four week meetings. Mondays we have a prayer-meeting. Saturday evening we have Bible readings on the Lord's coming, the other evenings are general meetings. Dr. Kirkpatrick, from Thibaw, has preached for us two Sundays. He has gone now, and Mrs. Kirkpatrick has conducted our meetings on the "Lord's coming." They have been very helpful and profitable. She is full of the Blessed Hope ; we are quite a little band now, waiting for Jesus. The other Sunday evening I was not well, and I got up to speak, feeling utterly empty, not a word to say ; did not even know what chapter to read. However, I opened the Book at the 4th chapter, John's 1st Epistle, and the Spirit gave me precious liberty. The mission room was full, and I could tell by the faces the word was with power. After this exposition I preached a short address from Peter's prayer and confession, "Depart from me, I am a sinful man," and then we had half-an-hour for



THE MISSION HALL, MANDALAY.



prayer and testimony; nearly all stayed. I am sure the Lord was working, although we had no definite results. The doors are painted black, so I preach a sermon all day in chalk upon them. I have now, Stop, think, death, judgment, eternity awaiting you. Are you saved? repent, believe. You must be born again. Jesus shed His blood for you. Of two ladies who read it, one said it was cant, another said she was so disgusted she wanted to rub it off with her handkerchief; but they can't rub it out of their heart if the Spirit write it there, and I hope He will on many. For a few days we did not have any meetings, as a riot was anticipated, and the soldiers were detained in fort, and kept in readiness for it, on account of the heathen festivals.

August 23.—The devil is trying to overthrow the work of the mission hall. I have had notice to quit my house; I had thought this would necessitate my giving up the Mission, but another place, far better, has presented itself, a much larger house; it was formerly a hotel, and is in a prominent position; the lower part, or billiard or bar room, will make a splendid meeting room, and will do far better service for the Lord than it has done for the devil. It will bring us into very close quarters with the latter personage, as there are drinking shops all round. The most popular European hotel is at the opposite corner. The rent is a good bit more, but a friend has voluntarily offered to find rupees per month to cover one-fourth of it; so you see the Lord is smoothing the way for us. Our borders will be very much enlarged; we shall certainly have larger attendances, as we shall be in the most prominent position in Mandalay for religious work. I often have a chat with the Jews here; they like me. One old

man put his arms around me and said, "This very good man, my very dear good brother, except for one thing, he not circumcised." But it is strange and sad how bitter they are against Christ, and laugh to scorn even now the idea of the Nazarene being their God-sent Messiah. How one longs that the dark cloud of unbelief might roll away, and the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings; and He will. Come quickly, Lord; even so, come, Lord Jesus.

September.—Last Sunday we had a very encouraging meeting at our new mission room; nearly all chairs full. I preached from Isaiah xlv., and the Lord gave me much liberty; and I trust some drank of the "Living Waters." I have such commodious pleasant quarters, and large outhouses. The enemy has been pressing me very sorely lately; I feel he would rejoice keenly at my overthrow, and will leave no stone unturned to accomplish it; but I am hiding in Him, and I know I shall be kept, I have no fear as to the issue; but do not cease to pray earnestly for me; I owe very much to those of you who pray for me at home. They build a wall too strong for the devil's battering rams to shatter.

October.—How much I have to praise God for in that He has given me health and strength and ability, not only for the performance of my business duties, but also to serve Him. He has enlarged my borders and enabled me to carry out a work for which, certainly, but for Him, I was quite incapable. How good He has been to us, encouraging us in every possible way, and giving us signal marks of His approval in this Mission. A fortnight back I received a cheque for £20 for the work from Mr. Huntington Stone of Greenwich, accompanied by a very kind and helpful letter; this will enable us to get the light we so

much needed and necessary furniture. It has certainly relieved me from all anxiety, and it is so nice to feel the Master trusts one ; then on the top of this He sends your generous donation from home ; thank you so much for this. For three nights we have had Rev. Armstrong with us ; he has been in England for two years, and has just returned. He takes a deep interest in the Second Coming of Christ, and gave us some very profitable and interesting lectures on this subject ; the room was crowded, and evidently great attention has been aroused in this direction. The Sunday after his departure I continued the subject, combined with the Gospel, as well as I was able ; we had a full room, and I have never received more earnest attention ; you cannot conceive how this helps one in speaking. Sunday evening, Mr. Kelly, who has just returned from America, preached for us ; he is quite an orator, and gave a very powerful and impressive sermon ; the room was crowded.

December.—The meetings at the Mission continue to be well attended. God is working and blessing. I am busy now preparing the Burmese schools for a singing gathering at Christmas ; we have a practice almost every evening.

December.—I am a little late, I intended this for your birthday letter, but you will know I am thinking of you in this far away land, and shall be specially praying for you. I trust that every year may richly add to your soul's prosperity. How quickly the years seem to fly ; one rejoices at this, because we cannot too quickly reach the goal of all our hopes—viz., to be with Jesus. The only sad thought is, we have so misused our talents and time ; we surely should strain every nerve for the joy of being found among those whom He counts faithful when He comes ; let



us make this our prayer for one another. I feel, perhaps, more than ever my unworthiness for this highest service, missionary labour; but I would like to lay down my life in the Mission field for Him who laid down His life for me; it is not at all dear unto me, for life's sake. I often feel I would gladly depart to be with Jesus, but I have nothing to lay at His feet.

## CHAPTER VIII.

MANDALAY, 1894—LAST COMPLETE YEAR  
OF SERVICE.

JANUARY.—As the doctor has decided to sell his business, I think of uniting myself with the American Baptists for English and Chinese work in Mandalay; my application is now being considered by the missionaries, and will shortly be on its way to America. I shall hear the result (*D.V.*) in about four months. Pray earnestly about this. The Lord is pleased still to give us success in the Mission Hall. We get large attendances, but oh! how hard it is to encounter the indifference that is manifested to the Gospel—not resentment; that is not so hard to fight. How we need to be filled with the Spirit. Last Sunday I had great difficulty in getting my subject for the address at the Mission Hall—could not fix upon one, I could get nothing, and my heart fairly sunk at the idea of preaching. I went down on my knees and told the Lord all about it, and He gave me Rom. viii., no condemnation, no separation. My mind and heart were full then, and preparation time was gone. Some one sent us down twelve extra chairs, and the place was filled. I spoke to Christians on our sonship and heirship, and afterwards to unsaved on no condemnation. The Lord sustained

me and the Spirit gave me gracious liberty, and I believe the word was with power by the fixed attention of all. Business is bad now, and the outlook is very gloomy with the continued depreciation of the rupee. Many of us will have to retrench considerably, but it is hard to know how. Remedy—"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." I think the *Morning Star* is an excellent and much-needed paper, and the most helpful and Scriptural of the kind I have seen. I trust it will cause the light of prophecy to shine far and wide, and lead many into the possession of our glorious hope. I believe and hope we are very near its fruition; as the time of the end draweth nigh and the day of glory approaches, the devil is gathering up all his forces to oppose and harass the Lord's people.

March.—I have had the privilege of putting up at my house for three weeks a Mr. and Mrs. Clayden of Salvation Army; their stay has been quite a treat, and their fellowship a big lift on the way Home. He was formerly in charge of a Mission at Chelsea, and is well known to Mr. Eugene Stock. We had some good and profitable meetings at the Mission Hall with them. I feel it a great joy to be able to give hospitality to the Lord's people. We have a Mohammedan inquirer who wants to become a Christian, but he seems to have no idea of coming to Christ, only accepting the Christian doctrines because all civilised people are Christians; he cannot speak English, so one of our Eurasian Christians is instructing him. Will you pray for him?

May.—How wonderful is God's love. I was so comforted in reading that magnificent challenge in Jer. xxxi. this morning, "If thou canst measure the heavens and search out the lower foundation of the

earth." What mortal could do this? "Then will I cast off Israel for all they have done." How much more will He not cast us off who are His through the precious blood of His beloved Son; by the free sovereign boundless grace of God we are eternally saved and kept. The Lord continues to bless at the Mission Hall. Our Sunday evening meetings are better attended than anywhere in Mandalay, I think, and there is good attendance at the Sunday school. Some are very much incensed thereby, do not approve of my presumption at all, think I am a very good fellow and all that, but have no business to preach the Gospel. What a good thing it is we have to recognise but one spiritual Master, and that He has said, "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you. Go ye and preach the Gospel everywhere," and "Lo, I am with you." There is much opposition besides. However, if He is with us, it matters little who is against us; but we need very much the prayers of the Lord's people. Thank you very much for your donation of ten shillings; it came just when needed, as the actual Mission funds had just been three shillings overdrawn. I had just paid a bill for hanging punkahs; imagine then what a welcome surprise the gift was the Lord sent me through you. He is always there at the nick of time to help in need.

June.—I have not been at all well the last few weeks, but am pulling round now. I am taking Fellow's Syrup with the present you so kindly sent me, and I am now beginning to reap the benefit of it. I went for a paper chase a few days ago on my new pony and enjoyed it very much—a three mile gallop across country; I am a pretty good rider now. I am very thankful you have asked prayer for me, I want

to have clear guidance as to where the Lord would have me be, and what is His work for me. I am very glad the Lord put it into your heart to send those extra copies of *Morning Star*; they have been a help and a blessing to the Lord's children who are earnestly looking for Him; many hearts hitherto closed to Him as the Coming One for His Bride, the Church, are now looking for Him and eagerly expecting Him as the Heavenly Bridegroom. Oh! how this glorious hope ought to make our hearts throb with delight and set our tongues on fire to herald it; but the devil keeps our tongue tied by fear of man. We have a meeting every Friday evening to study this subject, and I believe many are getting interested. We also have now some very happy prayer and consecration meetings on Thursday evenings at one of the missionaries' houses, only Christians, where we make known fully our desires to the Lord and one another, and pray for dear ones at home. God has given us some gracious answers to prayer. Last Friday evening I examined an English-speaking native for baptism and church membership with us. This is the first time I have enjoyed this privilege; his testimony was clear and satisfactory, and he will be baptised this Sunday morning, 11.30, and received into fellowship this evening.

August.—I have had another attack of fever, and feel very low and weak. I lost this mail after all. I am better, my fever has gone, but I feel rather depressed and restless. There is a good deal of cholera in Mandalay, and the soldiers are in consequence again confined to the barracks, so the attendance at our meetings is small. I have seen the report of the A.B. Mission work. Rev. M'Guire has kindly mentioned my work; he writes: "The

English work is now in quite an encouraging condition. This is largely due to the consecrated labours of a young man formerly a member of the China Inland Mission, but now employed in a drug store in Mandalay, who gives his leisure hours to this branch of his Master's service. The meetings, which are largely attended, are held in a hall well located for English work." We do not labour for, or covet, human praise for our work for Jesus, but recognition is encouraging.

September.—There is a great deal of sickness here now, cholera is raging all round ; several Europeans have been taken away, not all by cholera. The weather is so very trying, I am not feeling well ; but the cool season will soon be here, and I may be better then. The soldiers are still prohibited from coming to the Mission, on account of the sickness in the town. God bless you all and watch over and keep you continually.

October.—Rev. M'Guire has heard from the American Board, and they seem disposed to entertain my application. Rev. M'Guire is sanguine about the appointment, so I want you to make it a very special subject of prayer, and, that if this is His will, to prepare and fit me for the work. Of course, nothing definite can be adduced yet, and if the business is sold quickly, I may yet spend the coming Christmas at home ; how very delightful it would be to see you all again. I am in somewhat better health, but not quite well ; there has been a great deal of sickness here this year ; several have died. Last week our dharwar (or bill collector) died on the premises, of cholera ; I was with him for some time. On Monday a member of our Church was taken with the same disease, he died next day, Tuesday, poor fellow, 11.45



night; I was with him from nine o'clock until he passed away, he went off very quietly; did not seem to suffer at all, but was too exhausted to say anything; however, previously, he had said it was all right; he was not afraid. He had a wife and family in India, whom he was expecting to bring to Mandalay in a week or two. The weather is very unhealthy; such quantities of rain falling.

November 1, 1894.—It is now within a month of six years since I left all I hold dear on earth. How much has happened since then; much that has appeared strange and incomprehensible; but results have proved God's dealings have been in wisdom, love, and mercy, and we wonder how we could have doubted Him; how much we miss and lose by listening to this formidable hinderer to the Holy Spirit's work in our hearts. These years have been replete with trial, blessing, and instruction. God has continued to bless us in the Mission; we have a large hall now, but this is getting crowded out, we shall have to enlarge our borders. Surrounded as one is here by infidelity, immorality, and heathenism, it is a privilege to witness for Jesus and declare His Gospel, and it is a great responsibility also; the elements of discouragement are many and great, and can only be met and conjured in His strength and grace.

The doctor is very sanguine about completing arrangements for disposal of the business very quickly. The Mission hall is filled again now; the soldiers have permission to come. I shall be very sorry to leave this work.

November.—I have received an offer which truly seems to be of the Lord. Dr. Kirkpatrick of Thibaw has asked me if I would look after his work there, while he takes a much-needed rest; this would prob-



MRS. KIRKPATRICK.  
MURRAY B. KIRKPATRICK.

DR. KIRKPATRICK.  
CLARENCE A. KIRKPATRICK.



ably be for about twelve months. It is a great honour and privilege to be asked to take such a position, and the experience gained would be valuable ; I could also continue my studies, which I have been compelled to relinquish latterly. Please pray about this.

December.—I have received a letter from Dr. Kirkpatrick, asking me if I should be ready to start for Thibaw the first week in March, as he would like to leave about the middle of that month for America, and he would then have a week or two to initiate me into the work. I shall write him that, if the Lord will, I am ready ; it will be about eight days' journey through the jungle to get there, but this is a trip I should enjoy. Of course there are many things which make living in such an out-of-the-way place very trying, worse than the interior of China almost, but if God send me He will supply the needed grace. Last week a poor young fellow (27) died in my house ; he had been ill for months ; the last two days it developed into cholera ; it was a sad death ; he was utterly godless ; had been so in life, and maintained his defiant spirit to the end ; would hear nothing about Christ.

## CHAPTER IX.

GOES TO THIBAW—GRAVE PERILS—A MARTYR'S  
DEATH.

JANUARY, 1895.—Thank you very much for the motto card, "Nothing shall be *impossible* unto you;" they are grand words. If we can only by the Spirit apprehend the power of that assurance, what a glorious testimony ours will be this year to God's grace. Oh! may we learn in our weakness so to lay hold of God's almightiness, that seeming impossibilities *shall* be nothing to us.

February.—We have to praise the Lord still for blessing in the Mission hall.

March 14.—The doctor has disposed of his business, and I am free, or shall be in a week or two.

March 20.—I am starting to-day for Thibaw; pray that I may be made a blessing; my Chinese will be useful; I shall write you how I get on.

Started on Thursday, March 20, at 5.30 P.M.—Resigned management of store at 10 o'clock on same day. The first stage was ten miles out. I rode hard to get in before dark, reached bungalow 7.15; had a good rest and started for Kyoungnu early, fourteen miles; got in at 3 o'clock. Next day did two stages of seven and twelve miles to get into Maymyo, Saturday evening. The road was rough and hilly; this

place is some hundreds of feet above Mandalay. Here I met Mr. and Mrs. L. and Mrs. W., and dined with them ; my bed had to be on floor, as bungalow was full. Sunday morning Dr. K. and family arrived, and I spent the day with Dr. K.

March 25, Monday morning, 7 o'clock.—Started for Wetwin, twelve miles ; my daily portion of manna was very encouraging, texts as follows :—Luke v. 5 ; Matthew xxviii. 18–20 ; Matthew xiii. 47 ; 1 Corinthians ix. 16–22 ; Galatians vi. 9 ; Isaiah lv. 11 ; 1 Corinthians iii. 7. Arrived 11 o'clock after a hot, uninteresting ride. Tuesday, 8 o'clock, started from Wetwin to Cmathee, eleven miles. Wednesday, for Thabye, thirteen miles, there we stayed two days, but there was nothing much to be seen except pagodas ; we went to the Bazaar, but as all the business was done in Shan we could not understand anything. Our next stage was Choungzon, eight miles. In the short stages travelling is more difficult and tiring for the animals. The country is more open now, and one can enjoy the varied scenery. Now we go miles down into a deep valley, where all around is cultivated for paddy, then up winding round to the top of immense hills, to look down which makes one dizzy. The sides, sometimes, seem almost perpendicular, and one wonders if anything will frighten one's pony and make one take a leap into space ; but there is no real danger. At Choungzon there is a beautiful ravine ; the bottom one cannot see on account of the dense jungle ; but one can hear the music of the stream. On the trees are numbers of monkeys skipping about scared by our approach, this is the first sight I have had of Jacko at home ; the scenery here is grand. Our next stages—Nyoungpwe, nine miles ; Payoungzon, nine miles ; and Loikaw, twelve miles (all valley



and hill scenery)—were accomplished without anything worth recording. We had comfortable quarters, and in the evening we sang hymns and read. I had several patients to treat on the road, and was successful in each case in my treatment; one was a sergeant in charge of an expedition on his return to Mandalay, who had not slept for several nights for fever, and was stiff with rheumatism. I managed to put him square, and he was very grateful. One more stage, Kuithi, eleven miles; then Thibaw, six miles; and on Wednesday morning, 3rd April, at 11 o'clock, we arrived at Mission House. It is well situated, large, roomy, cool, and comfortable, surrounded by paddy fields, and farther out on every side are high hills. It has a nice garden, vegetables and flowers, and plenty of plantain, pine-apples, and popier fruit. The native Christians here make one's heart glad, they are so earnest, loving, and helpful. On the first evening they came in to welcome me, and we had some singing; their voices are good and harmonious, and they are much more musical than the Burmese. I am alone at present, but am expecting another missionary and his wife to join me shortly. On Saturday, in company with teacher Toon Hla, I visited the Sawbwa. He is a sort of small king, and has been governing here for thirty years; he is hated now by his people in the districts—*i.e.*, the head men and dacoits, or robbers, because he is so faithful to the English form of government. This prevents the head men of districts from oppressing and robbing the poor villagers. The Sawbwa knows he is unpopular; he says he likes the English very much; his life is in danger on this account, and the military force allowed for his protection has just been largely increased, as a rising was feared. All is quiet now; he was very affable and

kind, and expressed a hope I should soon learn Shan and be able to talk with him, and be his dear friend. He is very friendly to the Mission work, appreciates fully its importance, and supports it liberally, but he remains a Buddhist, and so has need of our prayers. He has a shrine at which he worships, close to his throne-room; this has several beautifully carved little idols in it, decorated by gilding and ornamentation of coloured glass and stones; to these every day are offered fresh flowers, fruit, and incense.

April 7, Sunday.—Went to three services all in Shan; could only sing, and play, and pray; this I did, and enjoyed the services heartily.

April 8.—Had my first lesson in Shan. Oh! how helpless one feels when confronted with a language like this; everything depends on tones. After a week of it I seemed more hopelessly mixed than ever, but now it is three weeks, and the mud is settling and I can read. Have started gospel of Mark; this gives one courage, but I am ahead of my history. I have an hour at the hospital every day; not much sickness now, but at times seven or eight patients. We first have a Gospel meeting—they seem to enjoy this—and then we give them medicine and attend their diseases. I have not seen any lepers here.

April 16.—Mr. and Mrs. L. returned from Lashio and stayed till Monday following; this was a nice change. I went to Namsin with them. The next day I went to bed early, but was very restless; woke up at 1 o'clock, and was startled at seeing a brilliant light through the window. I jumped out of bed to reconnoitre, and was horrified at finding cook-house in a mass of flames, and the thatched covered way leading to house on fire also. I saw immediate action was necessary to save house, and rushed down as

I was, bootless, etc. Oh ! how I hurt my feet. I shouted for help, but the only soul about was my old boy, stupefied from fright. I rushed up to my bath-room, got my two buckets, shook my boy up, and made him hand them to me filled with water from a stream fortunately flowing through the garden (thank God for plenty of water) as fast as he could. I then shot the water over the thatch, a few feet ahead of flames. When I had well saturated it I could put fire out here, and house was safe. Of course I had sent up a prayer for help, and for God to keep wind back. He answered it. It was well I had always kept up my gymnastic exercise, for throwing that water. The cook-house was gone now, and the other out-house would soon be in flames ; the roof of tool-house had caught, so I turned my attention to that, and had thrown about a dozen bucketsful over and was getting fire under (had been working an hour, and was black all over), when help came, first the teachers and then some city men ; between us we soon had fire all out. I suppose about £40 damage done at least. Surely the Lord disturbed my rest ; what would have happened if I had slept on another half-hour ? All would have gone ; it is awful to think of. My boy's statement is that it was incendiarism, and the Shan boys living on the compound slept out this particular night, that is why I was left helpless ; this lends some colour to my boy's statement. It has been a great trial to me, but the Lord is our help in every time of trouble ; but for Him what would have happened ? Two days after the D.C. sent for me to see Sawbwa, who was taken suddenly ill. I went up, but it was two hours nearly before an interview was granted ; however, at last we were permitted to enter. This was a wonderful concession, as it is rarely one



SHAN WOMAN AND HOUSE.





gets into their private apartment ; he was reclining on purple velvet cushions, on a platform nicely carpeted, his two favourite wives squatting near him. There was plenty of gold drapery and hangings, bright colouring and flowers, but apart from this everything was old and dirty ; the throne-room and all the palace just the same ; dirt never seems to trouble an Oriental. He thought his cheroot had been poisoned, as, after he had smoked it, he fainted. I took half of it away to examine, but he is all square now. Bazaar day is every five days, and then we go and preach and distribute tracts. We have a zayat now just finished for preaching. I took tea in one of the booths with the Shans sitting on the ground. In their midst they have little tiny china cups, and a small kettle is brought in which tea is infused ; in a little cup was, as I thought, sugar, I took some for my tea, drank it, and found it was salt. What a nauseous draught it was, I pulled a long face, thought I had made a mistake, but found it was custom ; however, I took another to make myself sociable. I wish you could be dropped down into one of these bazaars ; how amazed you would be at the dirt, and the smells, and the queer-looking people, almost as dirty as the dirt they walk on ; but I like the Shans—they are honest, and happy, and hospitable. I am expecting the Rev. Young to join me in three weeks. We have now (as the school is closed) class-reading in Mark's gospel, but I feel at a great disadvantage, as I cannot get the interpretation ; no one understands English sufficiently.

April 30.—Wednesday, I went to Burgoe Bazaar ; the Mission have a zayat there, and quite a number in the intervals of business listen to the Gospel. An opium den is immediately opposite, very small, a



dozen crowd it. I went in ; it was full, mostly confirmed smokers, haggard, fleshless, vacant, wretched-looking beings hopelessly enslaved ; but two were young, strong, healthy-looking men, and this made one feel very sad to think that in a very short time they would be shattered wrecks of men like the others. It is always Chinamen who run the opium and drink shops ; we have cursed them with it, and they are doing their best to spread the vice everywhere ; they know it pays, and that those who have used it must and will have it at any cost. This is a much busier bazaar than Thibaw, as it is the seat of the largest pagoda in this principality, and the people can combine worship with business ; this brings large numbers together. This pagoda is approached by a covered footway about 400 feet long ; in the grounds surrounding, there are hundreds of small brick pagodas and some smaller temples ; in one of these I counted no less than 100 idols of wood, stone, and marble ; in the centre, an immense wooden one representing the god asleep. I thought of the Scriptures, "The God of Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps." At the foot of this was a living ponggee or priest fast asleep. On either side of footway at intervals are large metal bells with a deer horn underneath, with which they are struck by the people ; these give a pleasant, musical, powerful sound. The large temple contains a shrine with a pair of little golden doors facing each entrance, N., S., E., W., with an idol inside ; here the worshippers present their offerings ; they prostrate themselves, knocking their head on the ground several times, then kneeling with hands clasped and outstretched, mumble a few phrases, get up, and go out ; perhaps give a few flowers, burn a candle or incense, and go away. There does not seem a particle of

reality with the majority of worshippers ; they seem to know it is all mockery ; it is simply slavery to custom ; they are taught if they don't do it, some awful calamity will befall them. Occasionally you see one whose earnestness and zeal indicates their being actuated by some higher motive ; the way they pray, the yearning, sometimes agonising looks they give to the idol, show they are troubled in their soul ; these surely would be seekers for the truth. We have a zayat or preaching booth at each bazaar ; to-day, one or two hundred heard the Gospel. Going home we saw an alligator, my teacher and myself on our ponies ; it was a young one about five feet long ; they are very seldom seen. I was fortunate. I questioned some who had been here for years, and they had never seen one ; it was on land, and rushed by us into the water, a few feet from us. On the other side of the river wild elephants are plentiful. Teacher told me last year they killed several men, and the Tsawbaw sent an expedition of 100 men with guns to hunt them, but directly they saw an elephant all rushed back in a body without making an attempt to kill it, and would not go again ; the Tsawbaw was very angry.

May.—Jesus is coming. Having had more leisure for reading, I have taken the opportunity of studying the Scriptures more closely on the subject of the Lord's return, and with the help of the *Morning Star* (this paper has been a treasure ; the Lord has made the addresses streams of refreshment to me) the Holy Ghost has given me much clearer light, and much stronger hold on this wonderful truth ; how greedily one drinks in all that helps one to a wider and deeper realisation of this precious hope. The more one dwells upon it and apprehends, the more tenaciously

one clings to it. One of the greatest, grandest, and most Christlike of American Christians, who has just stepped into the glory of his Master's presence, gloried in this truth, and in all his work for the Lord it influenced him powerfully, and no one was more aggressive, more humble, more courageous, more jealous of God's glory, or loyal to His Word than he. I have been able to read some of his books here, and truly they are an inspiration. Surely it is no feeble testimony to the Scripturalness of this truth, that men like Mr. C. H. Spurgeon of London and Dr. Gordon of Boston (America), the two greatest preachers of the two greatest nations, preached it, taught it, rejoiced in it, worked, waited, and watched for their Lord's return, and yet it meets with such bitter opposition from so many of the Lord's people. What can be a more powerful stimulus to activity and earnestness in Christian work than the conviction that the Master may come at any moment and cut short for ever our opportunities for witnessing for Him. If we really believe the time is short, shall we not labour more fervently, and testify more sincerely and effectively? I trust the *Morning Star* will be used to the opening of many eyes to look for this blessed hope and glorious appearing. How one exults in the prospect of being among the living ones caught up in the midst of witnessing and working for Him; where is the heart that would not thrill with delight at such a thought? Behold, I come quickly, occupy till I come. I say unto all, Watch. Even so come, Lord Jesus. I have been in Thibaw now five weeks, and being alone, have been thrown more entirely on the Lord than has been my lot hitherto. This has been good for me, and I have had some precious times of communion, and I have got nearer to the Lord than I

have ever been before, and He has drawn very near to me ; it has made me long to get nearer, nearer, ever nearer. May this be so with us all. I have had leisure too to examine myself ; when one looks at one's own heart, with what relief and gladness one looks away to Jesus, and remembers that God looks at us now through Him, the perfect, holy, sinless



THE MISSION HOUSE, THIBAW.

*(The scene of Mr. Lambert's assassination.)*

Lamb of God, whose precious blood has made us vile rebel sinners fit to stand before Him accepted in the Beloved, dear to God's heart even as Christ Himself.

May 12.—Sirra Toon Hla and San Myat preached to-day ; the services were very enjoyable. No one interprets English sufficiently for me to be able to take one, so I must wait. We read one and a-half

hours in Mark's gospel every morning, and then have dictation ; can read now fairly well ; as soon as I can talk a little, I want to visit the villages round with tracts and a preacher to get accustomed to the people and their ways, and to get them accustomed to me. I am having trying times, cannot trust Joseph my cook, do not sleep at night fearing further mischief. I believe now he had something to do with the fire. I cannot get rid of him until Mr. Young arrives, as I do not know what he would do in revenge.

Friday, May 17.—I went with two of the preachers to Burgoe Bazaar. For about three hours we had quite a crowd of interested listeners, many of them asking questions continually. I have never realised before as with this people how powerful are the fetters of customs ; but we know that to Him for whom it is our privilege to live and preach to these souls for whom He died and whom Satan has blinded and hardened, though they be gates of brass and bars of iron, all must give way before the victorious onward march of Christ and His Gospel warriors. All the barriers created by the prince of darkness and his followers must fall and crumble and disappear. Nothing is impossible with our God. All things are possible to faith in Him. He said and Paul proved it : God gives all His missionaries the faith that will not stagger at any of His promises. May Christ so fill each one that everything may be looked at through Him, and Paul's experience and triumphs shall be ours, and disability, disappointment, and discouragement be unknown. The Gospel, which is God's power unto salvation to all who embrace it, shall accomplish that whereto He has sent it—viz., it shall gather out from all people and nations a people for His name. Ours not to reason why, ours



not to make reply, ours but to do perhaps not die, but work, wait and witness for Him who said, "I go away, I will come again; behold, I come quickly, occupy till I come." Soon the "This do in remembrance of Me" will be changed into the "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," caught up to dwell in His presence for ever. Mr. and Mrs. Young are on the road; in a few days they will be here. May they be abundantly used of the Lord in this their new sphere of labour, and may our fellowship with one another in the Lord's work be for His glory, and for the help and upbuilding of all in faith and love and good works. In the hospital we are getting somewhat busier. Teacher Toon Hla says I read excellently now and give the tones very well. This is very encouraging, but I am like the Eunuch whom Philip met, "I want understanding of what I read;" of course this will come in time. This morning, Sunday, I read with them in the Shan Bible-class in the chapel. I cannot do anything in English, as none seem able to interpret intelligibly. I am trying to commit John iii. 16 to memory in Shan, then I can preach the Gospel.

A few days after writing the foregoing paragraph, Mr. Lambert's life was taken by a band of Dacoits. It occurred about 8.30 in the evening of the 23rd of May, 1895. He was, at this time, alone in the Mission House; his servant had left him for the night, and gone to the servants' quarters about forty yards away, where there were two Mission teachers—a boy and a woman. Only a little time had elapsed when they heard the sound of scuffling, people running about the Mission House, and the report of a gun; the dog was barking violently all the time. They went towards the house but were



afraid to enter. The boy called Mr. Lambert several times, but no reply came. He then started up the steps, but stones were thrown at them, so they ran away to the chapel, about a quarter-of-a-mile off, to alarm the other teachers, and in less than half-an-hour seven men reached the Mission House—but too late. Mr. Lambert had been cut down with dahs (native swords)—he was quite dead. The body which was found lying close to the money chest in the safe-room was badly mutilated, a heavy gash over the head. The head almost severed from the body apparently by a single stroke, a deep gash over the shoulder and back, five gashes on the left arm and one on the thigh. He fell on the lantern he was carrying and broke it to pieces, his clothes catching fire and burning a little. It is probable that he fired the gun to give the alarm, as shot marks were found over the door of the room where he had been sitting. The murderers took nothing with them in the way of plunder, with the exception of two guns. Mr. Lambert's watch was found lying on the table near the lamp, a revolver on the organ close by, and a little loose money was found in his pockets.

On the wall close to where his body lay was this motto, "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh," and thus was fulfilled the desire of this young servant of Christ: "I would like to lay down my life in the Mission field for Him who laid down His life for me."

## CHAPTER X.

MEMORIAL SERVICE HELD IN MANDALAY IN HON-  
OUR OF THE LATE C. W. LAMBERT, ON 21ST  
JUNE, 1895, AT THE MANDALAY MISSION HALL.

**R**ESOLVED,—That this meeting, convened in memory of the late Mr. C. W. Lambert, and composed of Christians representing several of the Protestant Churches in Mandalay, do put on record its sense of the high Christian integrity and devotion of our departed friend, and of the deep sorrow and loss occasioned by his sudden and tragic removal. During the four years he spent in Mandalay he was in and out among us, and always known as a true, consistent Christian devoted to evangelistic work. The Mandalay Mission Hall and its work is largely due to his earnest zeal and untiring devotion.

Resolved,—That Rev. T. W. Thomas be requested to convey to the relatives of the late Mr. Lambert our sincere sympathy with them in the sad loss they have sustained.

### PROGRAMME.

Singing, No. 454, Sacred Songs and Solos.

Scripture Reading (Psalm ciii.) and Prayer by Rev.  
A. Woodward.

Singing, No. 592, Sacred Songs and Solos.

Remarks by Chairman.

Address, Rev. J. M'Guire. Subject of Address :  
"Consecrated Young Man."

Solo, Rev. A. Woodward, "He knows," 377 (S. & S.),  
Congregation joining in Chorus.

Address, Rev. T. W. Thomas. Subject of Address :  
"The Man as I knew Him."

Resolutions.

Singing, "The Christian's End," by Surgeon-Captain  
and Mrs. Pridmore.

Benedictions by Chairman.

The Hymns sung were chosen because known to be  
special favourites of Mr. Lambert; "Praise  
Him" he sang at Thibaw a great deal with  
the Christians.

#### REMARKS BY THE REV. T. H. BURHOE (CHAIRMAN).

"We meet this evening in memory of one whose  
presence we all miss. He has often met us here in  
services of song and prayer and preaching. When  
last we saw him it was with little thought that we  
should see him never more. When the wires flashed  
to us the message, 'Lambert was killed,' it sent a  
thrill of horror and of sorrow through us all, and  
probably we have thought more since then of the life  
he lost than of the one which he found, for *his* was  
one of those paradoxical cases concerning which our  
Master has said, 'He that loveth his life shall lose it,  
and he that hateth his life in this world shall find it  
unto Life Eternal.' This life is sweet; we cling to it

with all the tenacity of our being. 'All that a man hath will he give for his life.' But there is something even more precious, and that is Christian character. Character we designate by various epithets. We hear or speak of a hard character, a bad character, a beautiful character, a noble character, and each term conveys to us a very clear conception of the person to whom it is applied; not of what the person has, not of his surroundings, but of the individual. For character is not what a man possesses, not his circumstances, not even his life, but it *is* the *man himself*. We therefore hold character to be the one great essential for this world and for the one which is to come. We build it here—we shall enjoy or lament it there.

"The character of our departed friend and brother was both beautiful and noble. Conscientious almost to a fault, earnest, sympathetic—he moved among us doing good, and we remember him to-night for what he was, and may I not say for what he is.

"Before he left us he had several ways from which to choose. He chose the one by which he lost this life, but because of the principles which led him to that choice he found the Life Eternal. But it is not for me to speak at length of his life or work. I leave that for those who knew him longer, and for that reason, if none other, knew him better."

ABSTRACT OF ADDRESS DELIVERED BY REV. J. M'GUIRE AT A MEMORIAL SERVICE HELD IN HONOUR OF MR. C. W. LAMBERT, 21ST JUNE, 1895.

"I am sure that we all feel this to be a very solemn and, in fact, almost a sacred occasion.

“ Brother Lambert was one of us a few short months ago ; he was here going in and out among us. Now he is not here. He is no more. And we are met together to-night in honour of his memory.

“ When Mr. Lambert went to Thibaw he went because he thought it was his duty to go, and duty with our brother was only another name for the will of God. He hoped, too, that the way might be opening whereby he should be released from secular employment and enabled to give all his time to more congenial labours, to more direct service of the Master. The way was opening, too, but how differently from what our brother thought ! Yet certainly, if we believe in the God who ever lives and loves, the God who clothes the lilies, cares for the sparrows, and numbers even the very hairs of our head, we cannot believe that He permitted our brother’s hopes and purposes ruthlessly to be dashed upon the ground. That would be to give stones for bread, and a serpent for a fish. God permitted these hopes and plans to fail only because he had some better thing to give. Paul, with his apostolic gifts and wonderful success, said that ‘ to depart and be with Christ was far better ’ than even Christian service here on earth. We see only a part, and that a very small part ; we behold the dreadful tragedy, the bruised, wounded body ; but our eyes are holden and we do not see the glorious entrance into Paradise and the Saviour’s loving welcome. What matters it if the way to service here be closed if the way to glory yonder is opened ? What matters it if life here be cut off if there is an abundant entrance into the house not made with hands ? God makes no mistakes. He makes all things work together for good to those who love Him.

“Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
 But trust Him for His grace ;  
 Behind a frowning Providence  
 He hides a smiling face.’

“In thinking how I might best say a few words in memory of Brother Lambert, the words, ‘A consecrated man,’ came to me as a subject about which, perhaps, some profitable thoughts might be clustered. Certainly Brother Lambert was a consecrated man; his consecration, his devotion to Christ, was his most distinguishing characteristic. It was that which brought him to this land. Some men leave home for adventure, some for honour, some for wealth; but it was to gratify no earthly transient desire that our brother said ‘Good-bye’—a last good-bye as it proved to his aged mother—and turned his face towards this far-off land.

“A missionary purpose inspired him. He wanted to have a part with those who are labouring for the evangelisation of China. I do not know the circumstances which led him to Mandalay, but when I came he was here, and the first meeting I attended he led. It was a meeting for the soldiers. In the drug store he was employed all day. It was hard work, requiring great carefulness and painstaking. Yet, because his heart was in Christian service, see how much he accomplished for Christ. We know of several soldiers led by him to Christ, and doubtless eternity will show that there are many more.

“Then, too, he started, and so long as he stayed here was the mainstay of the work in this ‘Mission Hall.’ I was thinking to-day what a blessing it would be to our Churches if all the members should have such zeal. How rapidly they would grow! How good would be their report from them that are



without! May the Lord help each one of us earnestly to lay to heart the many precious lessons taught us by our brother's life and death."

ABSTRACT OF AN ADDRESS GIVEN BY THE REV.  
T. W. THOMAS AT A MEMORIAL SERVICE  
HELD IN HONOUR OF THE LATE C. W.  
LAMBERT, 21ST JUNE, 1895.

"I first met Mr. Lambert at Bhamo, in the year 1890. He was then working under the auspices of the China Inland Mission. The main characteristics which impressed me then were those of earnestness and sincerity. Mr. Lambert soon left the China Inland Mission and came to Mandalay. He spent a little over four years in this city, working hard all day and doing mission work in the evenings; for although he had left the Mission body with which he was first connected, he never ceased to be a missionary. Mission work was that to which the Lord had called him, and he delighted to do his Master's bidding.

(a.) "*He was a good man*, and that in the noblest and best sense of the word. He was not merely good. He was not 'faultily faultless.' He made it the first object of his life to be good in order that he might do good. Like Him from whom he derived all his graces his goodness was of an active nature. Sympathetic, he was ever ready to help those in trouble. Kind, he was always ready to do a Christian service.

(b.) "*He was an earnest worker*.—Those who listen to me to-night can bear testimony to this fact. This hall is a monument to his memory. It has ever been connected with his name and owes its very existence to his exertions. He was ever ready for God's work.

A Bible-class, a preaching service, was ever a delight to him. He was not a silent member either. He had decided views of his own and was never afraid to state them. Many through his exertions were brought to God's house who otherwise would have been walking the streets. No time, no occasion was ever out of the way if he could do good. In the Master's service he was happy, out of that he was never at ease. The law of the Lord was his delight.

(c.) "*He was a consistent man.* I mention this because the grace of consistency is so rare, and because Mr. Lambert was such a bright example of it. Whatever came in his way it had ever to give place to the will of Him whom he served. Whether it was a matter of personal pleasure or self-gratification, if it came between him and Christ, it had to go. He was ever loyal to Christ, and His commands were not grievous but joyous. There are many who select their religion and then try to make it square with their work. Mr. Lambert first chose his religion and then squared his work by that. Everything was looked at from the standpoint of Christ. I have reason to believe that Mr. Lambert had had to battle hard against the flesh. Before he became a decided Christian his tastes did not run in a religious groove. To some it is natural to be quiet and religious, to him it was not so. By the grace of God he was upheld, and by that grace he overcame. These seemed to me the distinguishing characteristics of the man, and they were apparent to all who knew him. Let us go a little further and see on what his faith was based. From whence did he draw the grace which produced in him such a character.

(i.) "First I would mention his *implicit trust in God's Word*.—This is an age of criticism, of doubt.

The very foundations of our religion are being scrutinised. Inspiration and revelation are being discussed on every hand. Is our Bible inspired? Is it God-given? May we rely on it? How far can we trust the word of prophets or apostles? With Mr. Lambert there was no question as to whether the Bible was inspired. There were some questions which he was content to leave open. But the Inspiration of God's Word was not one of them. To the law and to the testimony was ever his answer in times of doubt. As the captain relies without misgivings on his chart, so did Mr. Lambert rely on God's Holy Word. It was a light unto his feet, and a lamp unto his path. He not only believed in the Scriptures—he read them. The Bible was his constant companion. It was the Bread of Life on which he fed. It was as a sword in his hand by which he cut down his foes; it was a light that guided his thoughts and his actions.

(ii.) "*His belief in Christ and consciousness of acceptance.*— Christ to him was no mere miracle-worker; no mere teacher of morality. Christ to him was the Eternal Son of God, by whom he had direct access unto the Father. The idea of a human priesthood was abhorrent to him. He believed that he came into the presence of the Father through the Son. Christ was ever with him; His personality and His presence as real as the face of his friend. That consciousness was to him a fountain of strength. He knew that he was accepted in the Beloved. Christ was the Saviour of all that believe, but in a very special sense was He his Saviour. He did not wait for the great hereafter to know whether Christ had received him or not. The Spirit bore witness with his spirit that he was born of God. The sun did not

always shine, but he knew that it was ever there. The sun was permanent, the cloud but a passing shadow. Thus, conscious of Christ's acceptance, he was strong and overcame.

(iii.) "*His belief in the Second Coming of Christ.*— I believed with him that the Lord will come again. In this all Christians are agreed. When will He come? How? For what purpose? When these questions were discussed we disagreed. At first we argued; he tried to convince me and I tried to turn him. It was of no use, however, and we at last agreed to disagree. Mr. Lambert believed that Christ would soon appear; would reign with His Saints at Jerusalem. I could see no sign of Christ's immediate appearance and no ground for supposing that Jerusalem would become the place where He would reign. I am bound, however, to confess that his belief in Christ's immediate appearance was to him a source of inspiration, a spur to duty, a spring of energy and hope. He lived as ever in his Master's presence; now he has gone to be with Him whom he served, and for whose Coming he was found waiting.

"These have seemed to me the main characteristics of the man, and the sources from whence he drew his zeal in the cause of Christ. His death teaches us many lessons. We know not when our Lord will come. To us to-night the words, 'Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh,' are peculiarly significant. May the Lord grant that we also may be found ready."

## CHAPTER XI.

### EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS RECEIVED FROM MISSIONARIES AND OTHER FRIENDS.

MAY 30.—Mandalay. From Lodges Fort Dufferin and Hezel Dale I.O.G.T.

I am directed, on behalf of the members of the Independent Order of Good Templars in Mandalay, to convey to you our heartfelt sympathy in your bereavement. We have had the honour of counting your son as a dear friend and a thorough worker, not only in our especial cause, but in everything that was right and good. We had hoped to have long counted him as one of our brothers here, and have had his co-operation in our work, but God has willed it otherwise.

He has left behind him an example of unflinching devotion to duty; and although we shall long mourn him as lost to us, yet we shall feel the richer that we have had the advantage of his example, and shall always look back on his memory with loving regard. Our comfort is, that our loss is his gain, that our Heavenly Father has taken him to be where all trials and troubles are past, and the weary are at rest, and where we hope to meet him again.

Mandalay, May 30.—Your son has died gloriously on the field of battle, in charge of the Shan Mission Station, by the hands of men whose dark hearts have not been lighted by the glorious light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I know a few of the Christian converts who will greatly mourn his loss, and they will sorrow most of all because they will see his face no more.

---

Mandalay.—We all had great respect for your departed brother, because of his genuine Christian character and devout earnestness in all evangelistic work. While in Mandalay he used all his spare time, often we thought to the detriment of his health, in Christian work in connection with the Mission Hall which was started and maintained by his efforts. In England it may not mean much for a young man to do the Lord's work, but in this climate and with the godless and vicious surroundings we have in a place like this, it is quite exceptional for a young man to remain as true to the Saviour as your brother did.

---

Henzada, May 29.—Your son was a faithful follower of our Lord and Master, ever seeking to lead others to Christ, and seeking to bring those who knew Him into a closer walk with Jesus.

---

St. Leonards, May 30.—Many thanks for so kindly writing to me, giving me the sad tidings of dear Brother Lambert's death. At our Midsummer Breakfast I read that part of your letter relating to the



dear martyred one, and which was received with the deepest sympathy and touchingly commented on by one of our speakers, the Rev. Mr. Cowen. I could not help feeling a sorrowful thrill of joy that one so intimately associated with our Hastings Branch should have been thought worthy to enter the martyred throng.

---

Thibaw, June 15.—We must admire Brother Lambert's fidelity to his trust, the loyalty to duty, the spirit of self-sacrifice, and the courage that kept him at the post of duty till his life was so rudely cut off. I trust that his example may inspire many another with courage. His noble martyr spirit may lead many another soul to greater activity and truer consecration. "Faithful unto death," he has gone to receive the Crown of Eternal Life.

---

Mandalay, June 25.—I doubt not but that your son, and my friend, is now wearing the Martyr's Crown,—the Crown of Life reserved for those who are "Faithful unto death." Mr. Lambert was a friend to me, I loved him as a brother. We often had sweet communion together. I had known him for five years, I knew him as a missionary and as a lay voluntary worker in the vineyard. He was faithful and true. His labours have brought forth much fruit; God was with him. He had been in an uneasy state of mind on account of a fire which had burned the cook-house. But he was hopeful, trusting in God. He was a true servant of his Master, and is now gone to receive his reward. Out of this seeming evil good will come. The land of the Shans will be the sooner

Christianised because he laid down his life for them.

---

Torquay, June 4.—Though personally unknown to you, perhaps you will remember my name, and that it was my great privilege a few years back to enjoy the friendship of your dear son; and it was with intense sorrow that I have just read in a local paper of his sad death. I feel I must write and tell you how deeply I sympathise with you in this great trial that has come upon you; but I feel sure that the grace that enabled you to give him up for China will support you now that he has been called into the presence of the Master he loved so well, and served so faithfully. I still cherish the happy times we spent together at Hastings, and it is with deep gratitude that I bear testimony to the help he was to me when first starting the Christian life. I am sure I shall be only one among many that will bear you up in prayer at this time.

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Philadelphia, July 30.—Dr. K. writes:—I had anticipated great pleasure in the possibility of working in the near future with Brother Lambert on my return to Burmah. Our loss, his gain. For us sorrow, for him “far better.”

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Philadelphia, September 15.—I have recently had letters from many of the native Christians at Thibaw; they say how they all learned to love Brother Lambert, and how faithful and able he was in teach-

ing them the Bible. The ordained pastor, My Toon Hla, said he loved us because his heart was so strong for Jesus. Another preacher said, The new teacher was so like Jesus, he loved us all.

---

Philadelphia, October 15.—Last Lord's Day I had the privilege of speaking at one of the largest Baptist churches in this city, and at the close of the service some friends came to me and offered to pay the salary of a missionary to go out to the Shan work that Brother Lambert left so suddenly, and also to pay for the support of one or two native preachers on that field. Yesterday a grand young doctor came to tell me that he wanted to go out to the Shan work. So that it seems that the dear Lord is raising up workers for that field where they are so much needed.

---

Mandalay, October 25.—Your son's martyr death has already awakened others to lead more zealous lives for the Master. "He, being dead, yet speaketh."

---

We copy an extract from *The Shaftesbury*, monthly organ of the Hastings and St. Leonards Y.M.C.A., July, 1895 :—

#### "FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

"Those who were at the Annual Breakfast were deeply grieved when the president read a letter containing the sad news that Charles William Lambert,

one of our old members, had been murdered in Burmah. He for several years took a prominent part in evangelistic work, and was characterised by an intense earnestness for the spiritual welfare of all with whom he came in contact. He was a clever musician, and used his talent to the highest advantage. From the time of his conversion he had a strong desire to go into the Mission field, especially China. In 1888, at the age of thirty-two, he offered himself to the China Inland Mission, and was accepted. An inspiring farewell meeting was held at the Y.M.C.A., the members presenting him with a medicine-chest. He sailed for China on November 28, 1888, and after labouring in that country for some time he went to Mandalay, in Burmah, where he spent nearly five years with an English doctor. On the return of this gentleman to England, Mr. Lambert went to Thibaw, in the Shan States, Upper Burmah, to relieve Dr. Kirkpatrick, a Baptist medical missionary. He met with a hearty reception from the Christians, and also from the Swabaw or king of the district. Notwithstanding this he was murdered by some natives on May 23, 1895, but for what reason we do not know. We trust that such a noble example of faithfulness to Christ, even unto death, may be the means of arousing some of our members, so that the gap now created in the Mission field may soon be filled up."

---

In remembrance of the Valedictory Meeting held in Exeter Hall, November 12, 1888, a Chinese Testament was presented to C. W. Lambert—"As an expression of the hearty and loving regard of the Members of the Young Men's Christian Association,

and with the prayerful hope that his ministry may be largely owned of God in 'turning many to righteousness.'" Daniel xii. 3.

GEORGE WILLIAMS,  
*President, London.*

---

The following letter was received from Sir George Williams after receiving particulars of Mr. Lambert's death :—

LONDON, 12th December, 1895.

DEAR MADAM,—I am in receipt of your favour of yesterday's date, and in reply, I thank you very much for sending the copy of the proceedings at the Memorial Service of your beloved son. It is a great pleasure to me to know that he was a member of the Y.M.C.A., and also that I had the gratification of presenting him with a Chinese Testament.—With Christian regards, and again thanking you, yours faithfully,

GEORGE WILLIAMS.

---

We copy an extract from the September number of the *Morning Star*:—"In a letter received from Chitral a few days ago, a soldier writes to thank us for our paper, and tells how much he and many others owe to that young martyr. The soldier says, 'God greatly owned and blessed his labours for the Master in Mandalay, and he is gratefully remembered by many Christian men in the army. Since starting on this (the Chitral) expedition I have met a sergeant of the Royal Engineers who was moved to tears while speaking of Brother Lambert's death. I

have also received a letter from a sergeant in the 1st D.C.L.I., at Chakavota, who laments this loss, though he rejoices in the gain to Mr. Lambert. Thus,' he continues, 'there are two; one from the north, and another from the south of India, who have been much blessed through him, and I am certain that there are many more in India and Burmah as well as others in England and Scotland who will be much pained to hear of his death.'"

IN MEMORIAM—C. W. LAMBERT.

Another Standard-Bearer  
Is called unto His rest,  
The call came unexpected,  
But Jesus knows what's best.

It was his blessed privilege  
To preach the Living Word,  
And now, though absent from us,  
He's present with the Lord.

He told the wondrous tidings,  
In China's distant land,  
And for the Lord who saved him  
He boldly took his stand.

And then in Burmah's sunny clime,  
He took up his abode,  
Proclaiming still the wondrous theme,  
Behold the Lamb of God !

But now his work is over,  
He's entered into rest,  
And with the Band of Martyrs  
He will be fully blest.



When on that glorious morning  
We meet on Canaan's shore,  
With this, our dearly-loved one,  
Not lost but gone before.

And then throughout eternity  
With Jesus we shall dwell,  
And this shall be our joyful song,  
He hath done all things well.

T. STRATT.

LONDON, *July*, 1895.

THE END.

# CATALOGUE

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